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The PROPELLER



840th
Aero Squadron

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EDITORIAL



EST our readers criticise our humble efforts too harshly, the editor, in sending this publication to press, begs said readers to take into consideration the following points, so as to have some conception of the difficulties and environment midst which the publication had its being and the purpose of its being.

THE PROPELLER was conceived with the idea of being, primarily, an amusement and book of record for the members of the 840th squadron—to collect the pictures and data pertaining to the squadron, which in time to come will undoubtedly prove of great interest and value to the 840 men.

Those who edited and contributed herein, are supposed to be, and we trust are, soldiers, rather than literary geniuses and our efforts have been aimed more with a view to a complete and comprehensive covering of squadron activities rather than with an eye to the strictly grammatical and typographical.

The contributions were prepared during the few moments after work hours, when the boys came swinging back from the aerodrome tired and weary with an arduous day's work. You may imagine that it required no little exercise of will power on the part of a would-be writer to sacrifice these few brief moments of rest to wield the pen. Perched upon the edge of his bunk, with only the uncertain light of a flickering candle and midst the chaos of fifty or sixty swearing, arguing, singing comrades in arms, he must endeavor to woo the muse as best he may. We have a hunch that even Shakespeare himself could not have accomplished much in like circumstances.

If the contents bear mostly upon activities while we were stationed in England and seemingly slighting La Belle France, it

must be remembered that while in France we were always in the Zone of Advance and little opportunity was afforded for any activities outside of walloping the Hun.

With these few facts in mind we hope the reader will take THE PROPELLER as it is intended and derive amusement and pleasure herein, commensurate with the efforts we have put into it. In after years we trust it will prove a source of ever growing joy to all members of the "Old 840" in reviving the memories and scenes of our soldier days, while sojourning with Uncle Sam, in Europe.

HOME FOLKS



AND so we came to France—and over here our boys have fought, have striven, have died—and have accomplished the working out of the Nation's and world's destiny to a successful issue and only by dint of hard fighting, striving and indomitable perseverance have we accomplished what no nation's army has ever accomplished or dreamed could be accomplished. The world has witnessed with amazement what the Yanks have done and history will duly enter their deeds upon her gilded pages. But whence emanated this splendid energy of the Yankee army, whence came the inspiration that made possible their splendid achievements? We don't look far for the answer. We have it in three words "THE HOME FOLKS." Without their ready backing and earnest co-operation, our army never could have been placed in the field at the crucial moment to strike the Hun and bolster up the courage of our Allies and today "KULTUR" would have reigned supreme. So our homefolks were directly responsible for victory, not alone through their astounding raising of umty millions of dollars and the millions of tons of food sent to Europe, at the expense of personal hardship and sacrifice on the part of practically every man, woman and child from millionaire to street urchin in our great country, but upon the brave unwavering faith they held in our American ideals of right and the united spirit of sacrifice for those ideals, and above all the unshakable optimism and good cheer which they managed to instill into their departing soldier sons, and from them permeating on through all the Allied ranks. This, my friends, spelt victory. Over here in Europe they may tout their titles and so-called Nobility, but we Americans know the only true aristocracy and human worth to be based upon the solid, homely virtues and sound ideals of the great American people.

All honor and praise to our "HOME FOLKS."

AMERICAN RED CROSS

(CROIX-ROUGE AMÉRICAINE)



2 Place de Rivoli,
Paris, France.
Dec. 25th, 1918.

Hqrs. 840th Aero-Squadron,
3rd Aircraft Depot,
Am. E.F.

Gentlemen:

We have received a letter from the mother of your little wards, Marcelle and Gisele Beauregard, which we enclose, and of which the following is a translation.

"Dear God-fathers:

We received your letter and thank you for your kindness in having sent us something for Christmas and New Year. Mother is going to buy each of us a dress, some shoes, and a doll, for we dearly love dolls, and when our photographs have been taken mother will send you one. Dear God-fathers, with the 1st order you were so good as to send us mother paid for the coffin and the burial of our poor father, for father was killed in his aero-plane fifty kilometers from here, and his body was brought to us here at Lunau. I understand, gentlemen, that you too are aviators. We had to have your letter read to us for we understand only French.

Gentlemen, I wish to thank you too for your goodness to my little Marcelle and Gisele, and I wish you a pleasant Xmas and a happy New Year. Marcelle and Gisele embrace you.

Receive, gentlemen, my greetings and thanks.

Mme. Beauregard."

Sincerely yours,

Marie Perrin

Marie Perrin

Section Stars and Stripes.



Here are our adopted twins—Marcelle and Gisele Beauregard, together with a letter from Madame Beauregard, through the American Red Cross. Write to them.

AUGUST 4TH, 1918



FOUR years ago the hidden ambition of the Hohenzollern dynasty to dominate the world by the aid of Mars expressed itself by the ultimatum to Serbia. Six months ago today a Personnel Officer in Texas conceived the idea of forming the 840th Aero Squadron as one means of restoring equilibrium, peace and harmony to this war mad world. He selected three or four of the best he could find from every State in the Union. Since that time the physical weaklings have been sifted out and we are now burning with zeal and enthusiasm to give every ounce of this energy to be a brother to the weaker nations, as in a newspaper clipping of yesterday: "In another part of the line in a wheat field, nine bodies were found, five Germans including an Officer on one side and four Americans on the other. It could easily be seen that it had been a fight to a finish for a bayonet was sticking in the ground beside an American as evidence that he was the last to fall." The same spirit that prompted the Knight to go forth to war in the days of chivalry also inspires us to be a strong arm for mother, sister and some sweet girl at home "over there." They are expecting great things from us which in itself spurs us on to be men in this task.

LT. RAYMOND L. HILES.



FROM START TO FINISH

1—Our "Special" leaving Waco, Texas, for Garden City. 2—Remember that hike across Long Island? Nuf sed! 3—Guess who? Guess where? 4—Prison Pen, Courban, France. 5—Leaving dear old Brest. 6—First sight of land. 7—Oh Boy! Discharges—Langley Field, Va.

HISTORY OF THE 840TH AERO SQUADRON



IT was the middle of the cold and stormy month of December 1917, that a bunch of men left their comfortable homes and modes of easy living with the intentions of doing their bit in the Great World's War. They were quickly initiated into the ways of the Army, Fort Slocum and the Columbus Barracks doing their full share, where this curtain of men along with thousands of others waited in line in the bitter cold for hours in order to say "I do" to be inoculated and to get equipment. They all came through these trials with flying colors and showed that they were made of the true Yankee spirit.

Within a week all were shipped to that soldiers' nightmare, Kelly Field, where they were further educated into the mysteries of a soldier's life, full courses being given in guard duty, inoculations, ditch digging, wood carrying and Army rumors. We ate our Christmas dinner without hat or blouse seated on the ground in a large sandy field. What seasoning in the food the cooks forgot, the wind made up for, as it very gently sprinkled our dinner with sand. I can freely say that we got our share of sand in our brief stay at never-to-be-forgotten Kelly Field.

January the 8th these men were transferred to Waco and placed in temporary squadrons. They were promptly initiated to a snow storm, waking up one morning and having to dig their frozen limbs from a young snow bank. It wasn't but a few nights later that they had a cloud burst and Waco looked more like a pond than a camp and many of the men had to vacate their tents.

Things went on smoothly, the time being taken up by drills, hikes, physical exercises and lectures. On February the 4th one hundred and fifty of the best of these thousands of men were

selected and formed into the 840th Aero Squadron and put under the guiding hand of Second Lieutenant Raymond L. Hiles. The drills, hikes and physical exercises were continued with an occasional double time hike before breakfast to whet up our already enormous appetites.

February the 27th saw the addition to our squadron of Second Lieutenant Francis B. Small, who joined us in the capacity of Supply Officer. On the following day, February the 28th, after expecting to move for the past two weeks, 840 finally pulled stakes, packed up and left Waco. It was hot and the high wind was keeping the dust well stirred up when we marched down to the train. Our brows were wet with honest sweat and they made a good stopping place for the dust. It was hard to tell whether we were white or black when we boarded the train, but that was the least of our worries.

Our trip to Garden City was a series of good times and pleasant experiences, five days and nights were spent aboard the Pullmans. We stopped each day enroute and took a short hike or drill, always receiving a royal welcome from the enthusiastic people. The Red Cross Chapters at Nashville, Tenn., Lynchburg, Va., and the Pennsylvania Station, N. Y., met us as we came through these places and very generously donated postal cards, magazines, cigarettes and chocolate. We had our own kitchen on the train and lived in fine style.

We landed in Garden City at 1.00 P. M. Monday, March the 4th, with many unanswered questions in our minds—Are we going to receive our training here? Are we going directly overseas?—Will we get a chance to go home? We were not given long to think about these things however, as the next morning everybody was sent out on detail work. Friday morning we started home on a four and a half day pass. It was a happy bunch that started down the railroad tracks toward Garden City that Friday morning soon after reveille. We came back to camp the next Tuesday noon fully expecting to leave for overseas within three or four days but all we found was detail with an occasional hike or drill. First Lieutenant Henry E. Somers, joined our "Big Family" as Medical Officer in time to go with us on our twenty-four mile hike and camping trip.

One o'clock Monday, April the 15th, found us in formation with packs on our backs ready to start on a hike. Our plans were suddenly changed when Lieutenant Hiles came rushing in with orders to move. Packs were quickly taken off and everybody was busy packing up and getting ready. Three hours later we boarded the train, rode to Long Island City, transferred to a ferry which took us to Pier 61 of the White Star Line, where after a hurried physical examination we boarded the "Canopic." The next day, April the 16th, about four thirty P. M. we were ordered below decks and were tugged out of the harbor. We viewed the Statue of Liberty for the last time with varying emotions, wondering when we would see "HER" again. After shifting several times between second class state rooms and the "Hole," we settled down for the trip (most of us in the "hole"). We were twelve days on the deep blue sea, our time being spent in life boat drills, submarine watches, physical exercises and feeding the fish occasionally when the waves got too rough. We were told that when we got over "That Hill" we would be in England. It proved to be true but it certainly was one long hill. Excitement ran high for a couple of days when we were hotly pursued by submarines which in turn were chased by the wonderful little subchasers, which won the admiration of all by their quick and effective work against our hidden enemy.

Sunday morning, April the 28th, we debarked at Liverpool, England, marched through the town to the railway station and had our first experience with the English railway. We travelled 'cross country marvelling at the speed of our toy engine. At 10.30 that night we were rudely awakened and told to get off the train; half asleep we piled off, got into formation and started on our way. It certainly was a mysterious entry into England, it was too dark to distinguish anything; we marched away hoping somebody knew where we were going. After a march of about two miles along a winding, hedge lined road we came to our destination, Romsey Hants, an American rest camp. We haven't discovered yet why they called it a rest camp, as we were out on detail every day and some evenings as well, doing such work as concrete mixing, shoveling coal, etc. Here we had our first experience with English money and it wasn't long until we were saying "Tupence 'apenny" like a real Englishman.



A FEW SHOTS BY MURRAY DOWDING

1--This is where we were "Trimmed"—Stein, Roberts, Lieut. Small. 2—The Mess Sergeant and his gang. 3—"All out for Mail." 4—The Supply Department. 5—The Orderly Room Force.

We left Romsey Saturday morning, May the 4th, marched to the station, boarded the train and had a very pleasant and interesting ride across England, arriving in Yate that afternoon.

Number 3 Western Aircraft Depot of the Royal Air Force was stationed here and we were to get our training working with the English at this depot. We were soon settled in our new quarters and were placed in the different departments of the airplane plant where we were soon busily engaged in the production and repair of airplanes. While in Yate we had many squadron activities; we formed an excellent Jazz Band; our baseball team made a fine record, only losing one game out of eight played; our track team entered the R. A. F. meet held on July 24th and made a fine showing, scoring 36 points. We also held a volley ball and basketball tournament while here. We were very fortunate in having officers who took an interest in athletics and our excellent showing was the result, to a great extent, of the encouragement given by them.

We were the second American squadron at this camp and there were few Americans in this part of England, so we were quite a curiosity on our week-end visits to Bristol and neighboring towns. July the 4th we were royally entertained in Bristol. It was the first 4th of July these people had ever celebrated, but judging from the enthusiasm they showed, one would have thought they had been celebrating it all their lives. Thank you, Bristolites!

Time soon passed and shortly after our three months training period was up, we moved, Second Lieutenant Merwin C. Randall joining us the day of our departure as technical officer. We left Yate on that fateful day, August the 13th, headed by the English band and accompanied by the American and English personnel of the depot to the station where we were given a rousing send off as our train pulled out. We arrived in Southampton that afternoon and marched three miles to a rest camp. We marched back to the dock the next afternoon and got on board "King Edward VII" at five P. M., laid in the harbor until seven o'clock and then started across that treacherous strip of water, the English Channel. It was a quiet, clear night, the channel was very smooth and no submarines appeared so we had an uneventful but crowded trip, standing room being at a premium below decks as it got colder in the small hours of the morning.

We unloaded the next morning, August the 15th, at Le Havre, France and marched about a mile to a rest camp. That night an air raid warning was given about midnight and we had to pile out and run for a nearby race track. Some ammunition was stored near our huts which made it a very dangerous place during an air raid. "Jerry" was only bluffing this time and did not visit us. We stayed out on the race track for almost two hours and then returned to our bunks when the "All Clear" signal was given.

After a three days stay in this camp we left at eight o'clock Saturday evening, August the 17th, and had our first experience with the French "Side Door Pullman." We were packed in thirty-eight to the car for the trip. The next morning we woke up in Rouen where our train stopped, we marched up to a rest camp for breakfast and then back to the train, expecting to continue our journey but found there was no train that day and so marched to an Independent Air Force camp. That night all were given a pass and we had our first opportunity to see French life.

The next afternoon we resumed our journey. We boarded the train and were almost ready to leave when an artillery company marched in and after inquiring found that we were on the wrong train and were occupying their place. They took our place on the train and pulled out. I have often wondered where we would have landed, had we stayed on that train. Our train came along one hour later and we were on our way once more, some riding in box cars, some in third class carriages and some riding in style in some motor cars loaded on our train. We bounced along all that night and woke up the next morning four miles outside of Paris. We rode all that day enjoying the trip immensely as it was a fine day and we were passing through a beautiful country, wondering at the large grain crops being harvested, mostly by women. That evening, August the 20th, we landed at Courban where number 3 Aircraft Depot, the Independent Air Force camp, is located. We spent a couple of days in shifting around and getting settled and then started in on our work which we had been looking forward to for eight months.

We soon became adapted to working on the new types of machines, spending most of our time on Handley Page and De Havilland planes. The members of our squadron had the distinction of turning out the first Handley Page built in France.

We saw our first Liberty Motor at this depot and marvelled at the simplicity and great power of the new Yankee motor. We took an interest in the work and can proudly say that a decided increase in the production of planes was noted after our addition to the personnel of the depot. There were only three American squadrons attached to the Independent Air Force and we had the honor to be one of them.

We expected to stay at Courban only until the American Aviation camp at Letracey was finished and then move there. Events took a rapid turn and the Great World's War was finished before we could believe it. We were quite proud to have our share in the victory as two of our squadrons of thirty planes were with the Yanks on their great attack on Metz, which was really the beginning of the crushing blow launched by the Allies.

Our hopes of a short stay in Letracey were soon blasted and our stay there was drawn out over two months. Most of the members of the Squadron were given four day passes and had the opportunity of visiting different parts of France, many going to Paris. We had a Squadron banquet New Year's Eve and saw the old year out in fine style with a good meal put up in fine shape by our cooks. Applications were in for fourteen day passes, our eyes were turned toward Rome, England and various other places, when our moving orders were received. We left Letracey January the 29th at 2.00 P. M., in good old U. S. box cars pulled by a U. S. engine with a Yankee crew. It was pretty cold but the men in each car "assumed" a heating outfit of some kind or other and travelled fairly comfortable. We arrived in Brest February 1st at 3.00 P. M., after three days of travel and marched three miles to Camp Pontanezen where it was soon found out that we had to walk the straight and narrow path with the penalty of four to six weeks stay there if we did not.

In the afternoon of February the 9th moving orders were received, we went through the delousing plant at midnight and then on to barracks. It was 3.00 A. M. before blankets were drawn and everybody was ready to turn in. We expected to embark the next day, but just before time for departure, orders came in to remain in camp as it was too rough to load from the lighter to the ship. The following day we hiked to the docks, boarded the lighter at 11.00 A. M.; three months to the hour

after the signing of the Armistice. The lighter took us out to the U. S. Battleship Rhode Island. We pulled anchor the next morning, February 12th, at 8.00 A. M., a rather submissive bunch, not a cheer being heard as the shores of France faded in the distance. Soon after steaming out of the harbor many "very serious" cases of sea sickness developed, but after three or four days most every one had their sea legs and were all right. The southern course was taken, some very rough weather was encountered with the consequence that our stay on the water was four days longer than was expected. We slept in hammocks and with the exception of a few spills got along very well. After many anxious hours of looking, land was sighted at 2.00 P. M. February 27th; we steamed into the harbor, cast anchor and lay there over night. The ship docked the next morning, February 28th, at 9.00 A. M. at C. & O. Pier No. 5, Newport News, Virginia, debarking at 10.00 oclock and once again setting foot on our native soil after being in foreign lands almost eleven months.

The Red Cross met us at the wharf and very generously donated chocolate, cigarettes and cakes. We marched through Newport News, receiving a very warm reception from the people, marched about three miles to Camp Stuart where the best living conditions were found since we had been in the army. Our stay at Camp Stuart was very short as we left there Tuesday morning, March 4th, boarding street cars and rode ten miles to Langley Field. We were the first overseas troops to arrive at this field and were shown the finest treatment and hospitality.

Here the 840th Aero Squadron will pass out of existence, some men will be discharged here and the remaining sent to the various camps nearest their homes, receive their discharge and soon enter into civilian life. May good luck and success follow each member in years to come and with fond hopes of all meeting at some future date in a good old 840 reunion.

Au revoir et bonne chance!

WHAT THE INDEPENDENT AIR FORCE DID



WHEN in the spring of 1918, the Allies decided to make reprisals for the Air Raids made by the Germans on the defenseless English and French cities, the British organized a force known as the Independent Air Force to carry on the operation. It was called Independent because it operated independently of the Royal Air Force. Prince Albert held the rank of Captain in this Force and many others among its officers were from the best British families.

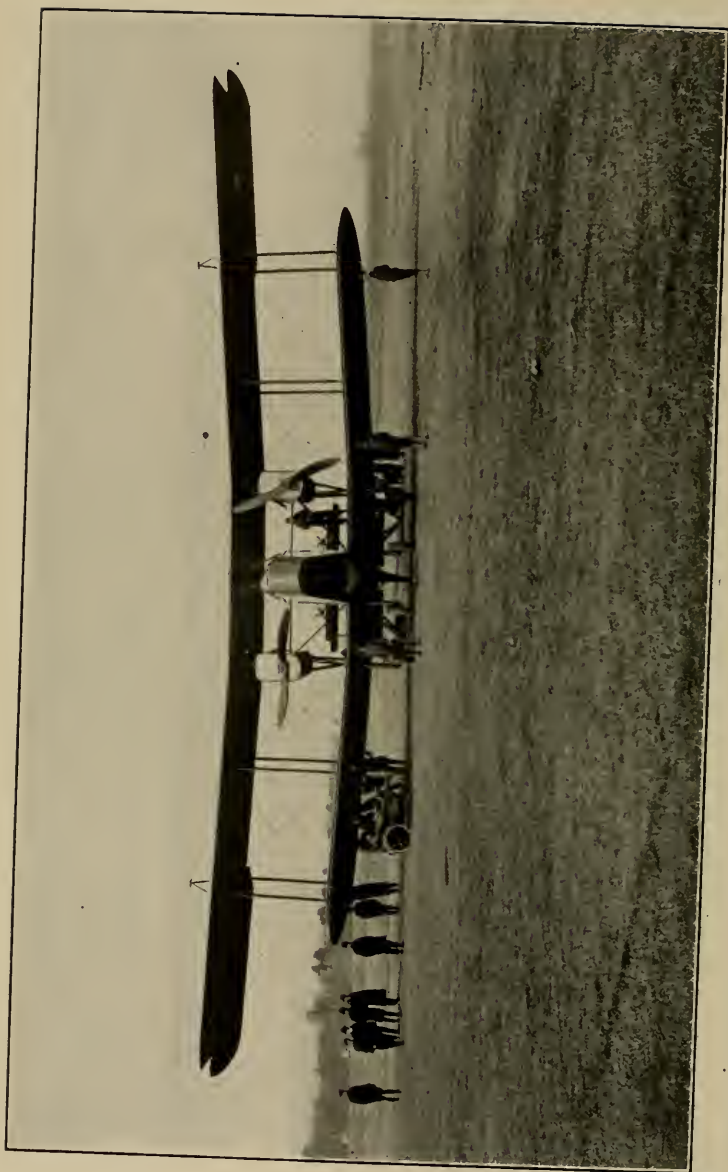
During its operations this Force sent out over the enemy territory squadrons consisting of from five to one hundred aeroplanes which dropped daily (and nightly), rain or shine, sixty to one hundred tons of high explosives on military objectives and manufacturing plants scattered over a belt a hundred miles wide all along the Rhine Valley. These raids penetrated as far as Essen and Heidelberg, and plans were under way for bombing Berlin when the Armistice was signed. It was the only force that brought the War home to Germany.

They destroyed ammunition dumps, railroad yards, chemical and gas works, and by blowing up railroad communications with the rear, virtually cut the arteries of the German Army. Moreover, by their repeated excursions into "Hunland," they disrupted the sleep, the rest and the working capacity of the troops in the manufacturing towns and cities of Southern Germany.

How much these raids behind the Boche lines had to do with the breaking down of the morale of the German people and Teuton soldier cannot yet be properly estimated.

No. 3 A. D., Courban, France, was the Main Depot of the Independent Air Force, and was so cleverly situated in a hollow or natural bowl among the hills that the Boche Pilots were unable to locate it and subject it to a "Raid." In fact many English Pilots lost their way endeavoring to locate the Aerodrome even when in possession of directions how to find it.

The planes which they used were the DeHaviland 4, DeHaviland 9, DeHaviland 9A (DeHaviland 9A with Liberty Motor) for day bombing and fighting; Handley-Page for night bombing; and Sopwith Camel for scouting and convoying Handley-Pages on raids. The De Haviland 10 and 10A were being experimented with.



A Handley-Page Bomber.

BOMBING PLANES



THE Bombing Plane is one which is ordinarily of larger size than either the Fighting Plane or the Scouting Plane. It is not so swift in flight as the latter but has greater carrying capacity—some, such as the Handley Page and D.H. 10, being capable of flying with five tons dead weight over all, including weight of machine, its complement of five men and sixteen hundred to two thousand pounds of bombs. Bombers are divided into two main classes, (1) day bombers and (2) night bombers. Day bombers, which must needs pass over the enemies' lines when they can plainly be observed, must of necessity be capable of flying high and obtaining some speed in order to escape pursuit and the anti-aircraft guns. Night bombers are more cumbersome, slower, but capable of carrying greater weight of bombs and of longer sustained flight. The Handley Page and D.H. 10 are examples of the night bomber. The former fitted with twin Rolls Royce engines makes about eighty-five miles per hour, at six or seven thousand feet and the latter fitted with twin Liberties, is capable of one hundred and thirty miles per hour at ten thousand feet.

Each bombing squadron supports from ten to eighteen machines. By supporting we mean keeping the allotted number of planes always in prime shape for action. Missing or smashed ones must immediately be replaced by new or repaired ones and right here is where the Repair Squadron comes in.

"All planes return safely," some one yells and we all crane our necks, at the time worn joke and look over towards the old railroad siding, which runs up to our camp, and there sure enough on the incoming trucks are several H.P.'s and D.H.'s returning from the front and in rather dilapidated condition to say the least. They resemble nothing but a pile of junk, a shapeless mass of broken longerons, struts, twisted, torn wings and splintered propellers. These returns are termed, "Crashes." What wild tales of heroism, of dare-devil courage and death are buried beneath those twisted, blood spattered masses. They bear a silent testimony to the bravery and patriotism of those super-men who laughed at death and there far up in the inky blackness of the

sky, with none to record their deeds, played the greatest game of all games, with death as the stake and odds against them.

But our musings are interrupted by parties of men preparing to remove the debris from the cars to the salvage sheds. Let us follow one of these "crashes," an H.P., and observe what is done with it. Upon being brought into the shed, the plane is energetically attacked by a party of salvage hands who proceed to detach all component parts. The remains of the wings or "sails" are taken off, the twin engines are extracted and sent to the Engine Shop for rejuvenation, the propeller, undercarriage and tail planes are detached and we have nothing remaining but the gigantic "Fuselage" or body of the machine. This is separated into four main divisions, nose, center section and two tail sections, which we now see placed on carriages, and pushed over to the Fuselage Shop, where if we follow we see the painted linen covering ripped from the sections. Then a party of expert woodworkers proceed to tear away all broken or strained parts of the nose section and to replace them with exact duplicates of the original part as it was before being injured. This necessitates a great deal of very careful and precise work. While this is going on there is also a party at work on the center section, repairing, and mending the intricate bombing rack and also one or two men at work getting the tail sections in shape—replacing longerons, struts, etc. Whenever these sections are prepared all hands are called to lift and carry the cumbersome sections and connect them into one complete fuselage skeleton which is put into correct level position and all wires and sections "trammed" to proper shape and tensiety and the wires and shackles locked. The skeleton body is now ready to be taken over to the Dope Shop.

At the Dope Shop strong Irish linen of the best quality is tightly stretched over the entire framework and then the "dope" is applied. Dope is a sort of Varnish composition of ether, banana oil, gun cotton and sulphuric acid, which is applied to the fabric surfaces of the airplane causing them to contract and tighten and rendering them impervious to moisture, also rendering the surfaces smooth so as to offer the least friction with the air. Four coats of this dope are applied and allowed to dry.

Meanwhile let us take a peep into the sailmakers shed and see what is transpiring there. Here we perceive that they have brought in the great wing framework from the Carpenter Shop. How fragile and web-like it appears. It is constructed scientifically with a minimum weight and so braced and counter-braced as to obtain the minimum weight and maximum of strength. These frameworks are placed on standards and around each

gathers "the sewing circle" which proceeds to stitch on the linen cover. After this is done, dope is applied as in the case of the fuselage.

While all this is going on the engine men have taken the battered, bullet punctured engines, "torn them down" completely till every nut bolt and screw has been dismembered. Then the process of building up commences. Repaired and new parts are brought from the Store Room and assembled—valves are ground, bearings are scraped and cleaned and a general overhauling takes place. There is usually a bit of competition here between parties working on different engines to see which can get its engine in first class shape the soonest. As soon as a party announces the completion of an engine, it is taken out and placed on the "Test Block," where a propeller is attached and an inspector tests out the machine as to the timing of the valves, magnetos, etc. If he finds the engine will run smoothly and will produce the required number of "Revs" (sixteen hundred revolutions per minute) he tags the engine O. K. and ready for installation in the machine.

By this time the complete fuselage has been brought into the "Aero Fitters Shed" where the engines are brought and installed, the wings, which we watched in the process of construction, are connected to the fuselage, the four wheeled undercarriage is attached and the tail planes are put on. Here all the men from the Instrument Shop enter with the altimeters, speedometers, compasses, etc., and the "gun men" from the "Amorers Shop" with their guns, gun carriages and racks.

When these are all duly installed the machine stands complete in every detail. It is a huge affair, measuring eighty-seven feet in length and with a one hundred foot span. (The Super-Handley measures one hundred feet by one hundred and sixteen feet). It is now placed in "flying position," that is, made level latterly and longitudinally and the "R. A. F. wires (streamline wires)" are tightened and locked at the correct tension so as to produce the proper dihedral angle, angle of incidence and stagger. A dozen or so men gather around and push the great bird out onto the Aerodrome, her wings are unfolded and there she stands in majestic potentiality as if sniffing the battle afar off and eager for her first trial flight.



BRISTOL, ENGLAND, JULY 4, 1918.

1—Formation of 823rd and 840th Squadrons at Temple Mead Station. 2—Proceeding to the Cathedral—Lord Mayor of Bristol in first carriage. 3—An English girl selling flags. 4—Eats—who said the subs. would starve England? 5—U. S. Tars passing review. 6—Contingent of English boys—"Eyes Roight." 7—Our organization passing review, Lieut. Small in command.

840'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

JULY 4TH, 1918



FOR its glorious impressions, and as a memento of the important episodes in 840's overseas career, Independence day, July 4th, 1918, can only be superseded by that greatest of all days which again found the world at peace. The good people of Bristol, England, had taken it upon themselves to offer us, as the representatives of our people, the freedom of their city. Nature had given all her charm to the day's opening, and did not take back her gift until the "shades of night" commanded.

Of course, the spirit of the day alone was enough to inspire us. It was not strange, therefore, that the expression of our feelings inspired our English Allies, who had so uncompromisingly taken it upon themselves to make the day an unforgettable one. That they more than succeeded in their endeavor anyone of us will accede to, in words of praise.

We were to be Uncle Sam's representatives, on his greatest holiday, in one of England's most important cities. We and the 823rd Aero Squadron—barely three hundred men. Small wonder then, that each one of us took extraordinary care to prime himself and his equipment for the occasion. Small wonder, as we marched and heard the ungrudging cheers accorded us, that each one of us felt that the acclamation was extremely personal. Such was the spirit of the reception tendered us by our hosts.

Our column was headed by Captain Ammons, the American Post Commandant and our own Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Hiles. Our own bugle and drum corps, which was in perfect harmony for the occasion, aided us to proudly "carry on" throughout the day. At approximately 10.00 A. M., we boarded a special train at the Yate Station for Bristol where, at 10.30 A. M., we stood in formation in front of Temple Mead Station. The Lord Mayor met us there to lead us on through a city literally bedecked with our colors—the wonderful "Stars and Stripes." The first halt in the march occurred at the Bristol Cathedral where we

attended a most impressive service. The following extracts from a Bristol newspaper faithfully record the most significant happenings of the day:

The Dean, in the course of an eloquent address welcomed the guests, and recalled the momentous occasions of the anniversary and of the visit, reminding them that nowhere did the idea of world progress through national development find greater support than in the pages of Scripture, nowhere a fuller recognition of those bounds which He hath set and within which He is governor. The address proceeded: One hundred and fifty years ago by the Declaration of Independence, like a full-blooded son bursting with soul-energy, in reluctant revolt against a loving but ever restrictive father. And your forefathers gave their blood for it. Now, in these days of vast clashings of an embattled world, your great nation has made another Declaration of Independence in support of the free development of all national life, all the world one. States small as well as great following unmolested and untrammelled their own appointed course, their own line of advance. Brothers, your banners craved for freedom then; they wave for freedom now, and the blast of the wind that stirs them is the very breath of the Spirit of God. For where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty. As one of your own poets has said:—

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

To you comes the hour and the choice. Never in history has a people chosen so hard a path for more unselfish motives, for higher ideals. Across the three thousand miles of danger-ridden seas, to a Continent where danger awaits, you have come.

Not for the gain of gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having, but for the joy of the deed, but for the duty to do.

Materially in this great adventure your nation may have much to lose; spiritually it has saved its soul; and the verdict of history will set its seal of passionate approval on your people's act of highest altruism. Centuries ago, when the Mayflower left Plymouth, (continued the Dean) we cast our bread upon the waters; we have found it after many days. The Pilgrim returns a mighty host, over a million strong, on a Pilgrimage of Grace, on a veritable crusade, to win a menaced civilization for freedom and for God.

Those among the Americans who desired to do so were invited to attend the Pro-Cathedral; where Canon Lee, assisted by the Rev. Richard Iles, conducted a special service. The children from the Roman Catholic schools of the city greeted them in the Cathedral yard by singing "Hail! Columbia" and "The Star-spangled Banner." Mass was said by the Rev. Richard Iles, which was followed by an address from Canon Lee, who based his remarks upon the words "By their virtues ye shall know them." He extended a hearty welcome to the troops, and referred to the many bonds which bound them as Catholics to this country. The Cabots, who were Catholics, sailed from Bristol, accompanied by three priests, in 1497, and landed in New Foundland on the Feast of St. John the Baptist. Then there was George Calvert, who set forth for Maryland in November 1625, and founded the first colony in the New World where religious tolerance was established. Another link between the Catholics of Bristol and those of America was that the first Bishop of Baltimore was consecrated at Lulworth Castle on August 15th, 1791, by the Right Rev. Charles Walmesley, Vicar-apostolic of the West of England and the direct

predecessor of the present Bishop of Clifton. In conclusion, he apologized for the absence of the Bishop of Clifton, who was prevented from attending by a prior engagement.

At the suggestion of the Lord Mayor, the committees of the Bristol Liberal Club, and the Bristol Constitutional Club undertook the provision of the luncheon, which was served at the Drill Hall, Old Market Street. These gentlemen were not content to see that the meal was supplied, but they personally attended to the comfort of their guests. By their direction the spacious hall was appropriately decorated with flags, flowers, and foliage plants, and had never looked so gay. The Lord Mayor presided, supported by the Sheriff, the Bishop, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Sclater (Southern Command), the Right Hon. Sir C. F. Hobhouse, M. P., the Master of the Merchant Venturers (Mr. J. Herbert Budgett), Sir Barclay Baran, Colonel Burges, Colonel H. Cary Batten, Mr. R. F. Freer (American Vice-Consul), Canon Lee and the following American officers:—Capt. McElroy, Signal R. C., A. S. Capt Ammons, Lieuts. Hiles, Jackson, Young, Brown, Small and Winquist (U. S. Navy).

The first toast was that of "The King," which was given by the Lord Mayor and enthusiastically received. No less hearty was the greeting accorded the second toast—"The President of the United States of America" also proposed by the Lord Mayor, who said that we had to realize that President Wilson was a man who had thrown his heart and soul into those things which he believed to be right, and especially in regard to the present war. Bristolians were giving them this little welcome in order to express what their feelings were towards their American Allies. They wished them every prosperity, and hoped they would take away pleasant memories of their visit.

A NEW BROTHERHOOD

The Lord Bishop, in proposing "Our Guests," said when that morning he saw their flag waving from the topmost tower of his Cathedral he thought what a symbol that was of the burying of old animosities in a new fellowship and a new brotherhood (applause). He asked himself: What had effected this change? What had been its reason? Had it not been on their part the recognition of the principles of freedom, of right, and of righteousness? They lay deep indeed in our civilization, and, it had been given to them as a great nation to give expression to them at the very moment when they might have thought of their trade and their own security, so far from the battle sphere (applause). He asked permission to preach a three-minutes' sermon to the guests of the day under three heads, which he had stolen from an American preacher: (1) This world is upside down. (2) It must be placed right side up. (3) You are the boys to do it. The world, in a sense, was upside down. A day or two ago they received news of a dastardly outrage, which was only on all fours with what had been going on for the last four years, and deepened their sense of repulsion towards those responsible for it. It did not become anyone, still less a Christian minister, to be revengeful, but they could justly demand reparation. On this matter he was to a large extent in sympathy with the merchant seamen, and the objects of the meeting they were holding that night. The world must be placed right side up—let them keep their ideals high, keep them clean in the days which lay before them in the great contest in which they were going to take their part. They were the boys who were going to do it. Out in Flanders and in France were acres of ground sacred to those who had laid down their lives, and he asked them to say that so far as lay in them, those sacrifices should not be in vain (applause).

Captain McElroy, in his reply, addressed the company as "Fellow-Britons and Fellow-Yankees." Asking them to pardon his Scotch, he said

he stood before them with a wee bit of pride and a wee bit of admiration. Over in Yankeeland they were proud of Old England (applause). He took off his hat to salute France, Britain, and Italy for what they had done in this war. All hail to the great little contemptible army of Great Britain (applause). When he remembered the action of Admiral Chester in the Spanish-American war, twenty years ago, which prevented them from having to fight the Huns as well as Spain, he considered they were only doing their duty in coming to the assistance of their brother-Britons. This was an inspiring occasion, for before him he saw the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes entwined (applause). They often heard about the number of Germans in America. That was due to German money; but to him it was a great satisfaction to know that today some of those Huns were fighting the Huns. Wherever the parents of their soldiers came from Germany, France, Italy, or Great Britain—those determined to deliver the world for all time from the power of the enemy (applause).

Captain Ammons also briefly responded.

After luncheon we continued our march. Our ranks had been swelled by the addition of a small body of our own "Blue Jackets" and a representative contingent of local British troops. The route terminated at a beautiful spot in a park known as Durdham Downs. There the fairer sex of the city entertained us at a delightful tea served in spacious, specially erected tents. This concluded the day's splendid offering; and returning to the station, we departed for our post, our minds stimulated by memories that would never die out.

MEMORIES OF TEXAS

I remember, I remember that big old sandy camp
Where the wind was always windy and the rain was always damp.
I have a pleasing vision of a brimming Texas Flood,
With seven miles of canvas in a sea of dobie mud.

I remember, I remember the norther's chilling blast
That used to make us think each day was sure to be our last;
When wrapped in army blankets like a wild Comanche hoard,
We'd pray for better weather and the mercy of the Lord.

I remember, I remember how the old tent used to flap,
And drive us bughouse every time we'd try to take a nap;
How night and day it slapped away without a pause for breath
Till we used to wish the blasted thing would slap itself to death.

I remember, I remember how we used to rave and swear
And cuss the folks at Washington because they sent us there.
We'd cuss the War Department and the Mexicans and Japs,
And then we'd cuss each other till the bugler sounded taps.

I remember, I remember the hikes we used to take,
The chiggers and the rattlesnakes and beast of every make;
How round about the fire every time they got a chance,
The scorpions and the centipedes would do a song and dance.

I remember, I remember how with joy our faces shone
As we jumped the crowded trolley for the lights of San Antone;
Where down at the St. Anthony our troubles we would drown
And break the ten commandments every time we went to town.

I remember that bold hero who braved the midnight flood
To smuggle in some whiskey, but got mired in the mud,
And as his shoulders disappeared beneath the slimy ooze
He shouted, "I'm a goner, boys—for God's sake save the booze."

I remember, I remember how it used to knock us flat
To think that Davy Crockett died for such a land as that,
And how one day we grabbed our packs and hit the northern track
To go to war with Germany and help to drive them back.

I remember, I remember how we used to scheme and plot
Devising sundry methods to escape our cruel lot;
And how with light and joyful heels the Texas soil we spurned
When we spread the Bull and got away and never more returned.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

When your lungs are dry
And the end is nigh
With the score standing two and two,
Then they make a run
And you've lost your mon——
DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

If you walk the street
And a girlie neat
Appears with a number one shoe,
Then you see her face
And it's out of place——
DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

When inspections bye
And you heave a sigh
Of relief thinking that you're through,
Then you get a "skin"
That keeps you in
DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

"TO ROUEN"

An Ode, or a Hidden Prayer of Salvation

Oh! Golden night of perfect bliss;
Was ever there a night like this
To soothe our savage souls, in need
Of creature comforts, and our greed
For chow, such as we never ate
Since we left home—not even Yate?

Thou, city of thousand stars,
Bravely we shun thy gilded bars,
Dispensing "vin," both "rouge" and "blanc";
Teetotallers, we think liquor rank.
Had Nero known thy wond'rous charm,
He'd have turned Rome into a farm,
And moved his palace where today
A white star oft directs our way.

"WHERE THE WIND BLOWS"

One day while Kelly Field, Texas, was enjoying one of its frequent sandstorms a new recruit went up to a sentry and asked how long the wind had been blowing and the sentry said he did not know, as he had only been there six months.

TO THE "COOTIE"

Oh beloved little cootie
You're my grey back snuggling beauty,
But did you ever figure friends must part?
Seems I cannot live without you
That I rave, shout and clout you
Can't you hear me calling dearie, have a heart?

Back in dear old civie life
The honored mother of my wife
Used to come and visit me and stay,
Until at night I'd moan and beller
That she-devil is a heller
I'm sure I can't stand this another day.

But

I've got a sneaky feelin'
If I've any future dealin'
With pests like you and "mother" seem to be
And if I can do the "choosin'"
Of which I'll be a loosin'
I'll write my dear mamma to make her home with me.

"IN LINE"

We stood in line to sign up,
We stood in line for pay,
We stood in line for everything,
Because, 'twas the quickest way.
But when we get home again
Away from trenches, shot and shell,
Must we stand in line to kiss our girls?
If we do,—won't it be h——?

O'Sharman—"Has anyone anything for the complexion?"

Geisege—"With a roughish grin" "Yes, here's something."

O'Sharman uses freely without consulting the label.

(Two hours later.)

O'Sharman—"Hey Raymond, What the H—— was that you gave me?"

Geisege—"Oh, that was Galvin's Spavin Cure,—good for all animals."

I'LL SAY SO

"When you ride a hundred miles on an English troop train,
And then tramp a hundred farther through the mud and drizzling
rain;
When your pack feels like a load of bricks, your feet and back are
sore,
And you haven't drawn a nickel's pay for ninety days or more,
And you haven't got a shilling left to buy a fresh cigar—
You're kinder out of luck, feller—
I'LL SAY YOU ARE!"

"When you hit the hay at midnight as tired as you can be.
Just to rise again at daybreak at the sound of Reveille;
When you drill from early morning till the sun is going down,
Then get assigned to K. P. when you crave a pass to town,
And you spend your leisure moments scrubbing kettle, pan and pot,
It's not the kind of life you hope for—
I'LL SAY IT'S NOT!"

"But you're playing a position in the world's great game of ball,
And you wouldn't miss this chance to see the biggest game of all.
So when they call strikes on you, grit your teeth and show some
steam,
And remember that you're signed up with the pennant winning
team,
And that all the knocks you're getting—army chow, fatigue and
drill—
Will make a man out of you, feller—
I'LL SAY IT WILL!"
(Stars and Stripes)

FROM ONE OF 'EM

"Day're going to call me 'Sammy'
My Gawd, what have I did?
Why don't they make it 'Ferdinand',
Or 'Cutie dear' or 'Kid'?

I wonder for dat handle
Just who I got t'ank?
Why don't they cut dat 'Sammy' stuff,
And stick to good old 'Yank'?

Now dare's a name I fall for,
It's big and strong and frank,
Yo, dare's a sound dat's got some stuff,
A good, loud-bellowed 'Yank.'

I'll bet some sewin' Circle
Or some newspaper crank
Wished dat dare 'Sammy' on me.
Hell!
Why don't they call me 'YANK'?"
(Stars and Stripes)

BRISTOL FIGHTERS

On a bright and sunny morning
In the cheery month of May,
There came a Yankee squadron,
Just to pass the time away,
To a quaint old English village
That bore the name of Yate,
When Nations were at pillage
And the world awaited fate——
It was a busy squadron, repairing aeroplanes,
Whose members in off hours
Were chasing Bristol dames——
Now, Bristol dame is too tame a name
For a female dynamiter,
So, the squadron shows one more insane;
They called her Bristol Fighter——
And up and down the village street,
'Tween the hours of seven and ten,
Most every scamp you'd chance to meet
Was a Yank with a Bristol hen——
Now a hen has wings——
So has a plane;
A Bristol Fighter's one——
One and the same,
In game and name,
So here's a toast to them.

"BIRDS"

Birds of a strange creation,
To save the world from damnation
And protect our noble land,
Birds that haven't a feather,
Nor a song that's worthy of praise,
But birds that fight for honor
Are the birds that we daily raise.

THE 840TH SQUADRON

From the dusty plains of Texas,
Where the cactus holds full sway,
In that land across the ocean,
Known as the U. S. A.,
There comes an Aero Squadron,
To help lick Old Kaiser Bill,
And if he could see the "Varmints"
He'd sure pull in his quill.
'Twas a true American mixture,
From Irishmen to Jews,
And the toughest looking set of men,
That ever walked in shoes.
Now Kaiser Bill said he'd win the war,
And I won't be sorry I wrote it,
For I knew he was a dirty liar,
When 840 boarded the Canopic.
There's Lieutenant Hiles, all full of smiles,
He's our Commander so I'll begin,
He tramps the boys for many miles,
And issues each a skin.
There's Lieutenant Small, he plays baseball
With the boys wherever they're "at."
He carries a skin list of his own,
But he's a damn good scout at that.
The Sergeants and the Corporals,
Are full of Yankee Pep,
If we had looked for better men,
We might be looking yet,
There's Mickey Mills who'd drive the chills,
Right through a preacher's spine,
With his wild screeches and stump speeches,
And bits of old rag time.
There's Mick's pal Larson,
Who's as far from a parson
As any mortal could be,
But he's held all positions,
With pugilistic ambitions,
From Top Sergeant down to K. P.
There is old Paddy Donovan,
A regular son-of-a-gun,
To make it a rhyme I must say,
And Paddy's my friend, clear through to the end,
Tho' it comes on Judgment Day.
There is A. D. Miller, The Lady Killer,
Now this might make him blush,

But just the same it gives me pain,
 To write about such mush.
 Now this is a temperance army
 But I'll let you in on one thing,
 We've got our Steins and Whiskeys
 Tho' we're rather short of gin.
 We have a Stein for a Sergt. Major
 And a Stein for a Tailor too.
 The Whiskeys are Buck Privates,
 But they are useful too.
 We have Private Danes, who always claims,
 To be some aviator,
 And Guy G. Ames, who plays the game,
 Of cook and table waiter.
 There's Privates Lewis, Lenz and Lang,
 One of them aint worth a dang,
 The other two ain't far behind,
 I only hope they find their mind.
 There's Privates Harman and O'Sharman
 Who remind me well of P. T. Barnum,
 For spreading salve they can't be beat,
 But both good guys for you to meet.
 There's Privates Frederick and Chestnutwood,
 Two small boys and both are good.
 But if you are looking for a nice warm fight,
 Just call on our comrade Silverlight.
 He's a boxer as well as a Jew,
 And he's saving a punch for the Kaiser too.
 There's Privates Klein and Randy,
 Both of whom are fine and dandy,
 But they eat like dogs, are as fat as hogs,
 And at swinging the lead they are handy.
 As far as eating to excess,
 Old Hog Williams is the best.
 I never heard that gent complain,
 He cleans a table like a hurricane.
 There's Private Eagle and Corporal Rhoades,
 As good men mingle so do rogues.
 If swinging the lead would win our wars,
 These two birds would be our stars.
 We have a Wandell,
 And also Lobdell,
 I must say their only ambition,
 Is to kick up a lot of hell.
 With their pal Deniston,
 They seem to take great delight,

In tearing up Fourth Section beds,
 In the middle of the night.
 Well I think I've gone quite far enough,
 As my pen is bent with this foolish guff.
 With these remarks I will end,
 Before I lose my only friend.

YATE COLLOQUIALISMS

- SKIN, An indescribable thing issued from the 840th Orderly Room, with unsurpassed generosity, which is strengthened by its unexpected arrival. Its appearance is followed by a general mobilization of sulphurous remarks, cancellation of dates, doing up of accumulated washing, and writing of letters.
- C. B., A state of existence, combining rest, sleep, scrub brushes and dirty huts. Private Atchison can describe the various sensations of "C. B."
- PUP TENT, An article issued to U. S. troops, the use of which was a mystery until discovered by Corporal Thompson. Ask him, he'll explain.
- GO-TO-HELL-HAT, An article of head-gear issued by the U. S. army, to be worn by the troops and furnish the people of France and England much amusement.
- CARRY ON, The meaning is dependant on the use of the word. Commonly used to mean proceed, or as you were.
- TA, A word the English failed to leave behind them in the cradle. It means, "much obliged."
- CHEERIO, A very common English expression for "Goodbye and Good Luck."
- TOLD OFF, The explanation of the vast difference between your supposed important self and the insignificant worm you really are.
- FED UP, The condition of mind described as Busted, Disgusted and Not To Be Trusted.
- SWANK, Nifty, or swell, a millionaire on six per.
- POSH, Anything pleasing, nice.
- SWINGING THE LEAD, Great army in-and-out-door sport. Reference, see any Private in 840 Squadron.
- PIG, A word set aside to designate certain men at each table in the mess-hall.
- BRISTOL FIGHTERS, A prominent type of English Fighting Aero-plane. Probably better known in 840 circles as the girls who ride the weekly excursion train from Bristol to Yate.
- WIND UP, An expression for anger, excitement or a troubled state of mind.
- ON THE PEG, On the carpet—Over the coals.

GOODBYE-EE, An elongation of an American goodby.

BLI-ME, In plain language, "Oh Hell."

TOP HOLE, A-I Finest Ever.

RAWTHER, An accented "Rather."

French Expressions Adopted by the Soldiers

BEAUCOUP, A term used fluently in connection with the words "Cognac" and "Francs." It means many or much.

CA NE FAIT RIEN, "Ish Ka Bibble" a la France, or in other words; it's immaterial.

FINIS, Word associated with war on its present status also used in connection with most love affairs in the A. E. F.

ALLEZ TOUT SUIT, "Beat it." A phrase it was necessary for us to learn in order to break away from a group of Mademoiselles intent on demonstrating affection for "La Amerique."

QUI MANIER, Our C. O. stands sponsor for this expression, which he claims means "yes chief." The staff gives no guarantee.

TRES JOLIE, The French equivalent of the English "Posh" and the American "Nifty" or "Classy."

VIN ROUGE, VIN BLANC, COGNAC, BOOZE, The only conquerors of the A. E. F. Battles following each pay day.

COMBIEN, "How much?" Usually followed by "trop cher" (too dear) and a depleted financial condition.

TRES BON, Very good. Descriptive of the appearance of all of the French Mademoiselles.

DONNEZ MOI UN BAISEC, (Give me a kiss.) We don't have to ask for 'em over here, so why bother.

PAS BON, "No good." A terse description of our camps.

TRES ZIG ZAG, "Very drunk." An example of cause and effect; Vin Blanc playing the role of Cause and Zig Zag Effect.

COMMENT, "How?" Meaning I don't get the drift. An over-worked expression in conversation with the French.

DUDS

Bombs Which Dropped in Our Midst But Didn't "Go Off"

That 840 was to be stationed in Garden City permanently.

That we were all to be transferred into the infantry.

That our destination was Cleveland, Ohio, when we were leaving Garden City for a boat.

That the Canopic was loaded with T. N. T.

That we were to re-embark at Liverpool for Egypt.

That overseas troops were only to draw \$7.00 per month.

That the people of Chipping Sodbury were getting up a petition to the Chief of Air Service to keep 840 in England for the duration of the war.

That on arrival at Le Havre we were to be sent to Italy where there was beaucoup sunshine and grapes and darn few fatalities.

That every four months we would get seven days leave.

That the war was bound to last two years more, at least.

That the King of England had set aside ten boats to return the Yanks who were attached to the Royal Air Force.

That 840 was to represent the Independent Air Force in the big parade at Washington, D. C., December 17th, 1918.

"A REGULAR APPETITE"

You can talk about a good appetite,
Of how much a man can eat,
But, come to me, when fruit is ripe
And there's plenty of bread and meat.

If the waters were made of cream gravy,
And the islands were T Bone steaks,
I'd devour the Sandwich Islands
And drink up the five great lakes.

WATCHING A SOCCER GAME

Lee—"Now I see why an Englishman is so quick on his feet."

Watkins—"Yes, and now I can see why they are so d—n block-headed."

Said a charming young thing from the West,
"Girls are much too expensively dressed,
So my clothes I will sell
For I'd look twice as well
In ————" (The censor's deleted the rest).

"I have long contemplated retiring,
And must do it" the merchant said,
"I'm getting too lazy for business,
And will join the army instead."

TROUBLES OF THE SERGEANT MAJOR

"When will the C. O. be in?"

"Is there any mail for me today?" "Why isn't there?"

"Do you think that we shall leave soon?"

"What is wrong with my allotment?"

"Why was I given extra duty?"

"Could I get a pass today?"

"How many skins do I have?"

"Were my things properly laid out for inspection?"

"Why am I put on K. P.?"
 "Why can't the tailor mend my clothes?"
 "What time do we get paid?"
 "What time is sick call?"
 "Can I get some medicine without going on sick call?"
 "Why must we shine our hob-nailed shoes?"
 "Can I get a transfer to another shop?"
 "Can they break an N. C. O. without giving him a court-martial?"
 "Why was I put in the awkward squad?"
 "Where is the Supply Sergeant?"
 "Do we go on detail tomorrow?"
 "Will we have those damn setting-up exercises this morning?"
 "Who is on sweeping detail this morning?"
 "When does the next bunch go on leave?"
 "What time is mess?"
 "Why can't I get a pair of boots my size?"

WHY IS IT?

That Darmstader suddenly started boiling his clothes, airing and inspecting his blankets, and perfuming the air in hut 6-c with creosote?

That Lieutenant Hiles is all smiles when he gets a letter bearing an English postmark?

That Wandel and "Worthy" are so fond of Sergeant Major Stein?

That at Courban when we had pancakes for breakfast, we couldn't have syrup, and when we didn't have pancakes we had bread and syrup?

That in the army, you have to look in the book to tell whether or not a man is sick?

That Zed Register gets mad when you re-arrange his bunk?

That the Yanks and English have such a great love for one another?

That we notice so many pieces of "Y" paper around Sampson's bunk with "Dear Dot" written on them?

That Mickey Mills wouldn't admit dropping the match at Garden City?

That Lieutenant Hiles wanted to carry the broken nut cracker to France with him?

That Shanklin gets so little mail?

That Looys Hiles and Small are such close friends?

That the government turned the clock up an hour on Joe Smith's bridal eve?

That 840 cooks are about as popular as the German measles?

That Wiegmann has so far escaped the cooties?



Some snapshots taken at Yate, Glos., England

That the "Limie" guards didn't stop the Yanks at the entrance at Camp Yate?

That all the boys like to have O'Sharman and Silverlight around?

That Mickey Mills is so all fired quiet?

That Private Heap got court martialed at Letracey?

That our cooks can efficiently boil water? They burn everything else they fool with.

That Henry Larson never gets credit for being modest?

That everybody howls when Harmon starts to sing?

That they call Gibbons—"Captain Ireland"?

That Lieutenant O'Brien's Sergeant Major wouldn't crawl under the train?

That you can say anything before an English girl but "Bloody"?

That Wandel is so full of the effervescent BULL?

That Sergeant Goosey was in such a hurry to get into the bomb shelter at Nancy?

That Lieutenant Hiles made his speech in the hold of the boat?

That we can't get outsiders to admit that 840 is the best squadron Uncle Sam sent to France?

That the latrines at Letracey are such risky things?

That McClafferty is so anxious to get back home?

That the Courban Y. M. C. A. is so popular with the Yanks?

That Tom Williams' feelings are easily hurt?

That the Y. M. C. A. girls at Letracey never spoke to the enlisted personnel?

That we have such a kind feeling for those infantry officers on board the Canopic?

That Otto H. Atchison is called "Wild Cat"?

That everybody was so glad to see Henry Stein make the boat at Hoboken?

That Lieut. Somers hands out the same kind of pills for a headache that he does for a sprained ankle?

That the English always burned out the engine boxes at Yate?

That no one reports for sick call on holidays?

That they call Kelley the "Peanut Sergeant"?

That Wiggenhouser is called hard-boiled?

That Carey Roberts can charge one franc for a hair cut and feel right about it?

That the writer can't think of anything else for this page?

"SAME OLD STUFF"

Corp. Clary likes good things to eat, and is inclined to grumble when things do not suit his fancy. After two months stay at Yate, he looked down on his slum gullion and goulash and muttered, "Hebrews 13.8" (Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.)

"AMONG THE WOUNDED"

A soldier was inoculated in camp. He wrote about it to his mother, who evidently was not familiar with army expressions: "Dear mother, I just got a shot in the arm." The response came: "I will arrive on the next train.—Mother."

"ORDERS IS ORDERS"

After taps one night Burleigh and Butler were in bed talking and swapping stories when Sergeant McFadden came around and yelled: "Put that light out and go to sleep." "That ain't no light Sergeant," Butler said, "that's the moon." "I don't care what it is," said Sergeant McFadden, "Put it out!"

Lieut. Small on the subject of "Cooties": "Run 'em out in the open, you can get a better crack at 'em."

Willie Faugnan, (Buck private)—"Hey Kelly, I now rank with Marshal Foch."

Kelly—"So?"

Willie—"Yeh—He's as high as he can get and so am I."

"THE FLU"

"I know the ills of the smoker's heart
And oft have I sensed its pain,
I've turned my head to a salmon can
Neath the ladders I've walked and scorned the folk
And courted the dread ptomaine,
Who promised ill luck to me.
I hate self-praise, but in raids and frays
I'm as brave as the best V. C.'s;
Yes every day as I scan the news
And see what it takes to fight the flus,
I mortally fear to sneeze."

Fame comes by many roads. A lot of people know of the Kaiser who never heard of Shakespeare.

It always pays to tell the truth, but some ways of telling it pay better than others.

There's no place like home—that's why the married men all enlist.

THE UMP

"Who'll ump this game," says Captain Staab.
"I will," says Acker, "give me this job."
So straightway to the field he chases
Where his Eagle Eye can see the bases.
Soon the game gets hot and smoky,
Rooters' voices hoarse and croaky.
840 Bugs get to the pitcher.
Out comes the good old-fashioned ditcher
Puts their twirler on the sideline,
Sad, but wiser on the pastime.
Comes a new guy to the mound
Our faithful batters to astound,
He looks a pitcher sure enough
But Ye Gods men, he lacked the stuff.
The catcher signaled what to make 'er
But Lord, He'd need an elevator
To get the shoots that were tossed over
High and wide and in the clover.
Foemen who had placed their money
In their tummies all feel funny.
840 Bugs are shouting Hoops,
That's the stuff to feed the Troops.
Captain Ammons starts to fret,
Soon begins to swear and sweat.
He who formerly did boast,
Now gives his men a brimstone roast.
But hark, the battle changes tune,
It 'pears 840 laughed too soon.
Despite our Boston Loosy's calls,
Root gives them all a base on balls.
Thus it stood when the ninth rolled round,
The score is tied up safe and sound,
Rooters all rare to their feet,
Keen for an extra inning treat.
But ha. There's one thing don't forget,
We're overlooking our one best bet,
For out in right stands Happy Acker,
Looks calmly on and chews terbaccer.
Old Hap's been waiting all this time,
To end the fray with the Indian sign,
To please Lieutenants Small and Hiles,
And send his comrades home with smiles.
So what's the use to shout and howl,
To fume and fret and grin and growl,

Our foes can never win this game,
 Hap's long since had it in a frame.
 He'll work them with the Razzamattoo,
 And if he finds that this won't do,
 There's one more good one left he thinks,
 I'll spill the beans with the Tripple-Ka-Jinks.
 He shot it to them with a jerk,
 Here's how he did the dirty work.
 In the first of the ninth we garnered one,
 Just enough to end the fun,
 But then they started with a mighty rush,
 Nearly had our shoulders to the plush.
 Lord-ee boys but they did smacker
 There's one hope left that's Happy Acker,
 The batter raps a dandy one,
 The man on first he starts to run,
 The second baseman grabbed the ball,
 But Hap don't see the play at all.
 He's out or safe I don't know whether,
 The ball and runner arrive together,
 He's safe 823 starts to shout,
 But Happy says "By Gawd he's out."
 Towards Old Hap they start to run,
 They call him a bum and a son-of-a-gun.
 They push and shove and rave and shout
 And Captain Ammons bawls him out.
 But Happy like a game old cock,
 Sticks to his decision like a rock.
 The game is won—The day is o'er,
 But ———— that gang is sore.
 Just one thing more before I quit,
 If there's a team you'd like to "Git,"
 If you want to give them the royal bumps,
 Get Happy Acker for your "Umps."

HEADLINERS

1. Most popular man, Mills.
2. Handsomest man, Watkins.
3. Best Mexican athlete, Worthington.
4. Best aviator, Danes.
5. Quietest man, Alcnauer.
6. Noisiest man, Pollack.
7. Biggest eater, Williams, A. T.
8. Most modest, Williams, T. E.

9. Most humorous, Mills.
10. Best ladies man, Doenges.
11. Most clever man, Staab.
12. Hardest worker, Ryan.
13. Best lead swinger, Randolph.
14. Best ground aviator, Ross.
15. Best second story man, Reeves.
16. Best driller, McFadden.
17. Worst driller, Stein, H. M.
18. Most hard-boiled, Wiggerhauser.

A COMPARISON

A request for a cigarette.

American—"Hey pal, lemme take the BULL till I twist me a dizzie?"

"Limie"—"Oive you a foig, Sir?"

Greisinger—"Micky," where did you say your brother worked?"

Mills (Micky)—"He's working in the 'Hysterical' department, near Paris."

She—"Did you know that I'm an ammunition girl?"

Butler—"You mean you make a lot of noise?"

She—"No! I like to have arms around me."

A GOOD OPENING

Joe Seeger had just thrown a canteen of water at Mike Edlavitch, who insisted on talking after taps.

Mike—"What do you mean by throwing water on my bunk?"

Joe—"Had your mouth been open it would not have hit your bunk."

OVERHEARD IN THE TINSHOP

English Sergeant—"Do you know old Chappie, I built one of the largest bridges in London before I got conscripted."

Corporal Lowe—"That's nothing; Before I enlisted I built the dam in the Ohio river and I was offered a million dollars for it!"

English Sergeant—"That's a good offer. Why was it not accepted?"

Corporal Lowe—"I wouldn't give a dam (n) for two million dollars."

Frazee—"What is a hypocrite?"

Greisinger—"A sergeant that comes in smiling after being reduced to buck private."

Sergeant Greisinger—"If kids keep a fellow out of the next war, I'm going to have a doubled-decked baby carriage parked in my back yard."

Heap—"Hey, you fellows had better watch those milliners in Bristol because they trimmed a couple of sailors the other night."

Corporal Wandel—"Hell is the only thing in England that isn't rationed. You can get that any place."

Maid (at London hotel)—To Corporal Register. "Now if there is an air raid during the night, you will probably notice that the women go in the cellar; but the men either stay in their rooms or go out in the street."

Register—"Thanks very much, how do you get to the cellar?"

Roberts—"Who are you?"

Captain—"Why I'm the captain."

Roberts—"You are d—— lucky! They only made a private out of me."

French—(On way over)—"Look! You can see WALES."

Greisemer—(Excitedly)—"Them ain't wales, them's mountains."

Lutz—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Wiggenhauser—"The first time I seen you I nearly croaked laughing."

Marjorie—"Why are you not in khaki?"

Williams—"For the same reason, Madam, that you are not in a beauty chorus—I was born too soon."

American Soldier (Wishing to explain something)—"Wal, listen! You know Sandy Hook—"

English Girl—"No, I don't know any Scotch Boys."

First Doctor—"Was your operation today a success?"

Second Doctor—"I made a successful cut into the patient's eastern front and received an indemnity for five hundred dollars."
—(Life).

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Tailor Stein—"Sergeant Schmidt; I've got to go to Breestol (Bristol) to git some stoof."

Corporal Sampson—"Say Kid gottne matches?"

Cook Greisemer—"I ain't kiddin' you a damn lick either."

Corporal O'Sharmon—"That's not a sensible argument."

Carey Roberts—"Holdem Newt."

Lieutenant Hiles—"That's the system." "O good lands."

Sergeant Arnall—"I'll tell the whole blinkin' world too."

Sergeant Greisinger—"Don't kick it."

Sergeant Shreve—"Say what time do they open the 'PUBS' in this town?"

Sergeant Denniston—"Oh boy, I was out with a queen last night."

Corporal Register—"Who's got the cigarettes?"

Corporal Wandel—"Yes, Yes go on."

Sergeant Smith (Joseph)—“You guys don’t know what it is to be married.”

Lieutenant Somers—“The last fourteen years of the war won’t be as bad as the first fourteen.”

Sergeant Schaffner—“Let’s get a drink.”

Sergeant Watkins—“Ça ne fait rien” (“Ish-Ka-Bibble”).

Corporal Mills—“God help the King.”

Sergeant Meadowcraft—“Oh you could do me so much good.”

Tailor Stein—“I’ll have a Port.”

Corporal Darmstader—“I’m steppin’ out now.”

Corporal Silverlight—(Moonbeam) “Lemme take this a minute.”

Corporal Clary—“That’s the stuff to give ’em.”

Sergeant Kelly—“Say you birds, keep quiet back there.”

Sergeant Shanklin—“You’re darn tootin’.”

Ketterer—“You tell ’em, I’ll stand at attention.”

Donovan—“I’m a peace time corporal.”

“OH HELL”

To: Private Property (257,689,000), 840th Aero Squadron.

1. You will consider yourself under arrest during the hours from 12.00 m. until 12.00 m. from June 5th until further notice both inclusive, and will remain in barracks except for permission to visit latrines which will be given by N. C. O. in charge of barracks.

2. Sunday hours also 12.00 m. to 12.00 m.

3. Saturdays from 1.00 a. m. until 1 a. m. all barracks will be thoroughly scrubbed.

4. Reason—Saluting an English Sergeant Major.

Extract—A. R. Any person subject to military law who escapes from confinement or who breaks his arrest before he is set at liberty by proper authority shall be punished as the court-martial shall direct.

(Signed) Raymond L. Hiles
2nd Lt. Air Service Comdg.

IT TAKES SO LITTLE

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a line from sweetheart, mother or dad,
Just a word from one in the U. S. land,
And we finish the task we long have planned,
And lose the doubting fear we had.
It takes so little to make us glad!

HENCE THE BEARD

By Capt. Peter J. Curto, 260th Service Squadron

Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio.

It was at Saturday morning inspection. The Commanding Officer spotted a private whose unshaven frontispiece was hairy blue with neglect.

"Why didn't you shave this morning?" demanded the C. O.

The private became extremely nervous and his hand shot up to his chin. "You see Sir," he stammered, "there were eight of us shaving by the aid of a single mirror and I guess I must have shaved somebody else."

"AFTER THE WAR"

If our army is discharged soon after we get back, why not take the ships for carrying us back and make a pontoon bridge, to New York City and have us march across, receive our discharges on the other side and be dismissed? Then let the fastest men get home first. Various statements are made as to what time it would be done in. After our arrival home it will be no surprise to see 840 men wearing assorted medals, ribbons and stars, originally from the soak shops of the East Side. It is expected that the S. R. O. (Standing Room Only) sign will be hanging out on all out-bound trains from the Pennsy and other stations for a while. The peculiar style of arrival in the home towns varies with the locality. There will doubtless be helmets, sabers, buttons, badges, iron crosses and other particles of kultur hanging to the belts of the homecoming warriors.

The scene of greeting the old folks is too sacred to be included in this piece. Now comes the serious question of force of habit. As the time approaches for the first meal at home will we jump up and make a mad rush for the table in order to secure the position of advantage? Will we make a dive for the meat dish, in order to get a choice piece? If we miss it, will we give way to the heart rendering remarks, "A man hasn't had any yet" and "Save enough for one man, etc"? After the meal will we take our knife, fork and spoon to the kitchen and wash them? As the evening comes, shall we go to the old man and request a late night pass? If we let midnight slip by us while we are out will we feel guilty for a moment, when we notice that it is 1.30 a. m.? Will we pass over the renewal of our acquaintance with the honest to God spring bed, in the morning will we leap up with a start, the idea in our head that we have overslept and missed our daily oats and bacon? And after breakfast shall we rush upstairs to make our bunks before 7.15? After shining our shoes, will we be seen

standing at right dress in front of the house, and later marching around the block several times at attention? When we go to work will we quit at ten thirty for a fifteen minute rest? Arriving home from work at noon will we hang around a while for the ever welcome "All out for mail"? In the afternoon shall we quit work at four o'clock and go in search of a cup of tea and a jam sandwich? On Saturdays will we be found emptying our trunks and making queer piles, circles and squares with the various articles of clothing etc.? Will we appropriate Saturday afternoons for ourselves with no further notice to the boss? If there happens to be a number of us going in the same direction, will we naturally fall into squad formation? And if we pass an officer in uniform will we give him a snappy salute, or will the force of habit be a bit worn by that time, and we give him a cold stare such as is bestowed on a dead fish?

Worthington—"Harmon says he is going to be a singing comedian."

Register—"A what?"

Worthington—"A singing comedian—a funny singer."

Register—"Oh well, he's that already."



1—Exponents of Super-Jazzapation. 2—Larson singing in his sleep. 3—The Orchestra. 4—The Drum Corps.

MUSIC



MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage beast," Any soldier, who has served in the A. E. F., will willingly verify this timeworn quotation. But, aside from the efforts of "The Ever With Us Barber Shop Harmonist," who even survive going "Over the Top," proper musical entertainment was not always a possibility. In fact, when the "March to Berlin" was once fully on its way, all of us had to get in step. Because of this more important matter (our actual mission) those among us, who are talented found no time to learn a new song, or brush up on an old one.

While in England, however, and at such times in France as circumstances permitted, some of our members put forth every effort to entertain us. Among them our friend, Tom Williams, reigns supreme. We are indebted to him, not only for the occasions upon which he displayed his wonderful voice to such good advantage, but also for the spirit which prompted him, at all times, to willingly offer his services and to often take the initiative in arranging a program. Our own "Micky" Mills, Irish singer and comedian, is another who has earned our commendation as have Frank Hunter, who faithfully presided at the piano whenever called upon, Henry Larson another singer, who has always been a willing volunteer, "Benny" Silverlight, our Hebrew comedian, Frank Huff whose black face activities have made us laugh, Claud Donley, our far famed drummer, Howard Chapel, Albert Meadowcroft, Ray Wandel, Ralph Fornwalt and everyone else who helped turn the dark clouds inside out when the sun was not shining as brightly as it is today.

The following are several songs, written by members of 840, which were first introduced at A. E. F. entertainments:

SQUADRON SONG

(Air Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I.

Every State within our Borders
Boasts some members of a crew,
That was formed one day in Texas,
Formed to make the Kaiser rue;
For 840 was quite ready,
Glad to meet our Flag's demand,
Proudly took its stand!

Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
Proudly took its stand!

II.

When on foreign soil they landed,
Ever ready for the test,
Every "Man Jack" in 840
Strived to do his level best . . .
They sent up some Handley Pages,
Other fighting craft as well;
They gave old "Jerry" hell!

Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
They gave old "Jerry" Hell.

III.

In the glory of the Heavens,
There our flag we proudly hail;
And 840 shares the glory
For its airplanes did not fail . . .
Though its members may be parted,
Yet, their spirit will live on;
It will go marching on!

Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
Glory! Glory! For 840
It will go marching on!

"I'M SO HELPLESS"
(*"Je suis Impuissant"*)

I.

They gave a "Croix de Guerre" away
To private Jones, the other day . . .
He went out alone on "No Man's Land";
Brought back six "Boches,"
Without a helping hand . . .
Then a "petite" French maid he met;
He's looking for help yet—
Last night, I chanced to stray;
'Twas then, I heard him say
To her in this most plaintive way;

Chorus

"I'm so helpless when you are near;
All I can say is 'je t' aime' . . .
Oh, how I wish that I could 'parlez vous'!
I'd like to say a million things to you . . .
Your eyes glisten when they look at me;
Oh, how I want to exclaim!
If the words of my heart
To you I could impart,
You would soon realize
That the hero you prize
Is vanquished by mere woman's art."

II.

This little maid felt just as he;
She looked at him quite longingly . . .
She didn't get a word he spoke;
Really, I think
That it was quite a joke . . .
In French her words were literally
His own, strange though it be . . .
Her voice was low and sweet;
It really was a treat
To hear her greet him, when they'd meet:

Chorus

"Je suis Impuissant,
Quand vous ettes, pres . . .
Tous zue je dis—'love you' . . .
Je veux comprendre 'American' . . .
Je veux dire beaucoup a vous . . .
Vos yeux brillent, quand vous moi regardez . . .

Je veux S'ecrier" . . .
She was all up a tree;
But, between you and me,
What she wanted to say
Is as plain as the day
"You're a hero of heroes to me."

Words and Music by D. F. Marcus.

"GOODBYE FRANCE! HELLO BROADWAY!"

We said goodbye to Broadway,
We missed the "good old white lights,"
Quite a long time ago—
But, we got the foe—
We came, we saw, we conquered;
So, we know the time is near
When we will be returning
And it brings us cheer—
We feel we've done our bit;
In France we've made a hit.

Chorus

Goodbye France! Hello Broadway!
We're coming back to you—
Now, we've ended the war,
And have settled the score,
We'll turn night into day—
Yes, we'll see you soon,
All our hearts in tune
For "One wonderful big time"—
France, we think you're fine,
But, now we've crossed the Rhine,
Broadway means home!

Words and Music by D. F. Marcus.

"THEY BLEW AND DRUMMED US ON OUR WAY"

For weeks the strains of bugle calls for reveille, taps, pay day, assembly, etc., etc., had been perpetrated upon our ears, at such hours as their need was not required.

Our bugle and drum corps was practicing, practicing for that great celebration held on July 4th about which more is contained in these pages. Under the organization of Lieutenant Small and the leadership of Glenn Curtis, our field music expert, L. S. Burleigh, "Shorty" Chestwood, "Shorty" Watkins and Carl Wiggenhouser, buglers, and Claud Donley, Paul Candler, Cary Roberts and M. H. Smith, drummers, excelled themselves.

At this writing we hope that we'll march to the rhythmic time again on that greatest march of all—the one that leads back home.

"THE BACK TO AMERICA BLUES"

Now, that the war is over,
All of the boys long for home;
All of the boys are anxious
To cross the briny foam—
I heard one lad say
To his bunkie, just today:

Chorus

"I've got the want to go back
To my little shack,
'The Back to America Blues';
Now, that it's 'fini la guerre',
And I've said a prayer
Of thanks that I've pulled through,
I'll soon be packin' my pack—
You bet your 'Jack',
I hope there'll be no excuse—
The French girls are 'Tres Beans',
But I sigh for those queens,
Who stroll on Broadway
Not the Rue de la Paix—
I want to go quick;
For, I'm awfully home sick
With the 'The Back to America Blues'."

Words and Music by D. F. Marcus.

"THERE'S A PLACE IN FRANCE CALLED COURBAN"

(Air "There's a Long, Long Trail")

There's a place in France called Courban,
Where they have sent you and me,
'Tis the home of mud and cooties,
And of Number Three A. D.
There we built our Handley Pages,
And some D. H. 9s as well,
If you want to see this cock-eyed place,
Just buy a ticket to hell.
There we learned to talk our parlez-vous,
Kamerad, Bully Beef, Toodl-ee-oo,
Combien? Too much, Tres Bon and such,
Like real Parisiennes do,
Now they say we'll go to Germany
To put Old Glory on the Rhine,
And if we can't go home
We'll be glad to roam,
Where there's beaucoup beer and wine.

Words by C. L. Deniston.

"JUST A LETTER FROM YOU"

I was feeling rather blue;
Didn't know just what to do—
Out here seems so far away,
As we drift from day to day . . .
But, the mail arrived just now,
I'm a different man, some how;
For, as always, you've made me
Happy, like you want me to be.

Chorus

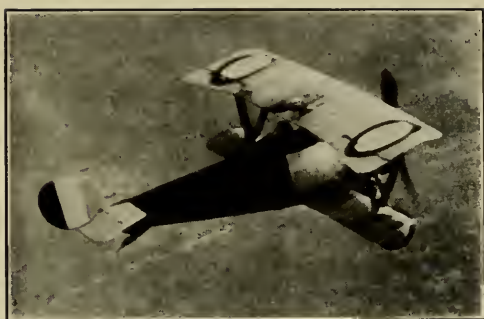
Just a letter from you,
Words, so tender and true
How my heart beats for joy at their theme;
Though there isn't much news,
To tell me of whom you dream,
Still I crave every line,
And I watch for the sign
Of the mail when it comes due,
For the thoughts in your letter.
Make life seem much better
And bring me back, Mother, to you.

Though I've known girls by the score,
Only one did I adore;
But, in time, I came to see
That she was not meant for me . . .
I thought life was all amiss,
But, you soothed me with a kiss,
Aided me to see it through
As, today, your letters do . . .

Chorus

Just a letter from you,
All my faith you renew
As I look to the skies up above;
Every word, that you write,
Plainly shows me the might
Of your ever unceasing love . . .
When in darkness I grope
You, my bright star of hope,
Light the way, so I know what to do;
Compared with your letter
There's but one thing better
To see you, dear Mother, just you.

Words and Music by D. F. Marcus.





1—The Baseball Team. 2—The Football Team. 3—The Basketball Team.
4—The Fighters. 5—The Track Team. 6—R. A. F. Sports Day—Yate Glos.,
England. 7—Volley Ball at Yate.

S P O R T S



SPORTS in general were inaugurated in our squadron after the presentation of complete paraphernalia by two wealthy New York ladies.

While in the states we had such inclement weather that it was impossible for us to engage in any outdoor sports. (Except the pick and shovel.)

On our arrival overseas, we jumped in with both feet, and the following teams were formed and well represented—Baseball, basketball, track, volleyball and football. A brief sketch of each sport follows:

BASEBALL—IN ENGLAND

FOOTBALL FIELD No. 3 (W.) A. R. D.—YATE GLOS.

822 vs. 840, May 12, 1918

We opened our season by knocking the horsehide to all corners of the lot and easily defeating 822 by the score of 17 to 1. Good fielding by our boys featured the game.

Batteries—822, Walker and Arbius; 840, Ash and Colvin.

CRICKET FIELD NO. 3 (W.) A. R. D.—YATE GLOS.

840 vs. 822, May 19, 1918

In a hard fought game, featured by good pitching on both sides, our team outhit 822 and won by the score of 4 to 2. After the second inning none of the opposing players passed the midway bag. Root's arm was the master of this game, striking out fourteen batsmen.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; 822, Walker and Arbius.

DURDHAM DOWNS, BRISTOL

840 vs. 1st Canadian Cadet School, May 25, 1918

A game featured by many fast plays, seesawed until the seventh inning, when our boys pushed across enough runs to put the game on ice, the final score being 12 to 7.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; Canadians, Woods and Timmons.

DURDHAM DOWNS, BRISTOL

1st Canadian Cadet School vs. 840, June 1st, 1918

Root, our invincible smoke ball pitcher, allowed the Canucks one hit and easily won his game by the score of 7 to 3. Loose fielding enabled the visitors to score three runs. About five thousand Bristol people witnessed the game.

Batteries—Canadians, Wood and Timmons; 840, Root and Colvin.

DURDHAM DOWNS, BRISTOL

840 vs. 2nd Canadian Cadet School, June 22nd, 1918

This time we crossed bats against an entirely new Canadian team. By bunching hits behind Root, our old reliable, we walked off the field victorious by the score of 12 to 5. Heavy hitting featured the game.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; Canadians, Keating and Mack.

AERODROME NO. 3 (W.) A. R. D., YATE GLOS.

840 vs. 823, June 30th, 1918

In one of the hardest fought battles cheered by both English and Americans, our team making startling plays from start to finish, won by the score of 6 to 5. The game was undecided until the ninth inning when our boys pushed across the winning run. Good pitching featured the game.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; 823, Brown, Harp and Burke.

DURDHAM DOWNS, BRISTOL

2nd Canadian Cadet School vs. 840, July 6th, 1918

In a game featured by heavy hitting our undefeated team sent the Canadians down for their second defeat, giving us our seventh straight victory. Home runs by Earles, Prather and Martin featured the game. Score 6 to 3.

Batteries—Canadians, Keating and Mack; 840, Ash and Colvin.

SPORTS FIELD, CHELTENHAM

840 vs. 186 Aero Squadron, July 13th, 1918

Played for the benefit of the English Red Cross.

After winning seven straight victories our team journeyed to Cheltenham and suffered their first defeat. The blue socks (840) outplayed the red and gold (186) in every stage of the game. When our boys went on the diamond in the eighth inning the score

stood five to three in our favor. Two errors, a base on balls and a hit netted the red and gold four runs, and the final score stood seven to five. Home runs by Prather and Worthington featured the game. Attendance 5,000.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; 186, Teague and Ryan.

DURDHAM DOWNS, Bristol

840 vs. 3rd Canadian Cadet School, August 3rd, 1918

After defeating both the first and second Cadet Schools we swung our war clubs against the third school and defeated them by the decisive score of 10 to 0. Root besides allowing only one hit, struck out 19 men and was easily the star of the game.

Batteries—840, Root and Colvin; Canadians, Reynolds and Harris.

BASEBALL IN FRANCE

After several evenings of hard practice, the following six members of our squadron won places on the Depot team, at Courban—Colvin, Root, Bond, Staab, Worthington and Prather.

FOOTBALL FIELD, COURBAN, FRANCE

102d Infantry, 26th Division vs. Courban Depot, Aug. 25th, 1918

The game was a toss up until the latter part of the ninth inning. With two men down and the score standing 6 to 5 against us, Sam Prather, the demon little right fielder, singled to left. Colvin followed by placing a nice single in right, Sam taking second. Keener (1099) came to bat, with two strikes and one ball—he knocked the next pitched ball to deep left cleaning the bases and winning the game by the score of 7 to 6. Sam Prather was easily the star of the game with two sensational catches back of the tents in right field.

Batteries—102d Infantry, Johnson and Myers; Courban Depot, Root and Colvin.

BATTERY FIELD, VAUXHAULLES, FRANCE

Courban Depot vs. Battery C, 164th Field Artillery, Sept. 1st, 1918

Without any practice and with several changes in our lineup, we journeyed to Vauxhaulles and lost a hard fought game by the score of 7 to 4. The battery opposing us was no other than a Milwaukee American Association one. Captain Joe Staab was the star of the game with four hits out of as many times at bat.

Batteries—Courban Depot, Root and Colvin; Battery "C", Walker and Kelly.

FOOTBALL FIELD, COURBAN FRANCE

114th U. S. Engineers vs. Courban Depot, Sept. 16th, 1918

Again without any practice our team crossed bats with another strong team of stars, with such players as Fiske, formerly a St. Louis Brown pitcher, and Walker, Ex-Detroit outfielder, and were easily defeated by the score of 12 to 6. Walker's home run in the fourth inning with the bases full and his triple in the seventh with two on were the outstanding features.

Batteries—114th U. S. Engineers, Fiske and Gowdy; Courban Depot, Candler, Ash and Colvin.

DIAMOND FLASHES

CAPTAIN JOE STAAB, *Short Stop.*

Joe proved himself one of the best captains that ever tore up sod around the short field. Many times he pulled startling plays that brought cheers from the side lines. His war club was the big factor in many victories. His single on June 30th won the hardest fought game of our schedule, and to Captain Joe much credit must be given for the showing of our team.

G. ROOT, *Pitcher.*

George, whose strike out record is well known by all—840—fans proved himself master of the diamond every time he toed the mound. Many times with three on and none down he struck out the next three batsmen.

ASH, *Pitcher.*

Our big husky right hander, who pitched and won the first and seventh games, proved himself a wonder with his fast breaking inshoot.

FRANK HUNTER, *First Base.*

The tall lanky lad who holds down the initial sack, many times proved himself a giant by pulling the horsehide down out of the atmosphere.

COLVIN, *Catcher.*

The boy with the death wing who caught every game and whose brilliant headwork helped the pitcher to outguess the opposing batsmen.

WATKINS, *Second Base.*

The demon little second sacker, who developed a sore arm early in the season, played a snappy game around the midway bag.

PRATHER, *Outfielder.*

Sam proved himself to be one of the fastest men on the team, stealing many bases and knocking the horsehide to all corners of the lot.

BOND, *First Base and Outfielder.*

The strawberry blonde whose coaching of girls along the side lines was an outstanding feature, many times showed himself master of the occasion in a pinch.

EARLES, *Third Base.*

Our hard-hitting third sacker featured many games by knocking the horsehide to all parts of the diamond and fielding everything that came his way.

McFADDEN, *Second Base.*

Mac, with his beautiful throwing arm, was one of the cleanest fielders that ever stuck his spikes in a diamond. Many times swinging from the south side he hit cleanly and was a good run getter.

ROLAND HUNTER, *Outfielder.*

Broke into the game June 30th with two slashing singles and fielding the only two balls knocked to the outfield. He now holds down a regular position.

WORTHINGTON, *Outfielder.*

Capered around right field gathering in everything that came his direction. He is a big man but covers lots of ground and a regular "Hugh Jennings" on the side lines.

FOOTBALL

October 27th—The first call for football candidates brought fifteen men into the fold to represent the Courban Depot gridiron. Worthington of 840 was picked to coach the team.

At the start football had some hard blows, the boys had to practice after working all day and night and the results obtained under those circumstances were astonishing. Lieut. Hiles soon came to our aid and got fifteen men relieved from duty for practice. After two weeks of hard drilling and five more men added to our list we journeyed to Vauxhaulles and played the strong Wisconsin Artillery team located at that camp to a tie no score. Our team made the most first downs and at one time placed the ball on the opposing team's five-yard line but lost on a fumble. In the third quarter our big husky right tackle, Bob Lowe, had to be replaced on account of a sprained ankle.

Following is the lineup of the Depot team:

R. End—Ludwig (840).

R. Tackle—Lowe (840).

R. Guard—Kelly A. A. (840).

Center—Roberts (840).

L. Guard—Bauknecht (840).

L. End—Olson (835).

L. Tackle—Worthington (Capt.) (840).

Quarterback—Larson (840).

L. Halfback—Cargay (835).

R. Halfback—Loughead (840).

Fullback—Robinson (840).

Substitutes—McClafferty for Lowe, Wood for Cargay and Huff for Olson. Referee—Lieutenant Williams (26th Division). Umpire—Sergeant R. Hunter (840). Timekeeper—Sergeant J. D. Smith (840). Quarter—10 minutes.

VAUXHAULLES FRANCE

840 vs. Battery C, 164th Field Artillery, November 25, 1918

After eating an army dinner of bread and gravy our team journeyed to Vauxhaulles and lined up against the strong artillery team at that place. Arriving we found the field in very bad condition for playing.

The game started promptly at two-thirty with Vauxhaulles kicking off. Our team brought the ball back to the visitors' eight yard line but lost on downs. The first quarter ended in no score. Starting the second quarter rain was coming down in torrents, with the ball in Vauxhaulles hands on the forty-yard line. A long end run and a forward pass gave the visitors the first touchdown and ended the half with the score of 6 to 0 against us. Beginning the second half we found the field so sloppy that it was impossible for us to cover ground without the aid of crests and hold the ball without the aid of resin. These the visitors had in abundance and with the star playing of two Lieutenants, former Michigan Aggie gridiron men, they piled up thirty points in the last half, the final score being 36 to 0.

Following is the lineup of our team:

R. End—Ludwig (840).

R. Tackle—Lowe (840).

R. Guard—Kelly (840).

Center—Roberts (840).

L. Guard—Bauknecht (840).

L. Tackle—Thomas (840).

L. End—Seifert (840).

Quarterback—Larson (840).

L. Halfback—Loughead (840).

R. Halfback—Taggart (840).

Fullback—Robinson (840).

Substitutes—Wood for Lowe, McClafferty for Bauknecht, Reinders for McClafferty, Huff for Seifert, Cargay for Taggart, Taggart for Kelly, McFadden for Robinson, Robinson for Reinders, Worthington for Thomas.

Referee—Hodges (Battery C). Umpire—Hunter (840). Timekeeper—J. D. Smith (840). Quarter—15 minutes.

BASKETBALL, YATE, ENGLAND

The popular floor game of basketball was hotly contested in our squadron between all sections in the form of a tournament.

FIRST SECTION

Captain Fornwalt's goal tossers started out like a house afire and after defeating all sections, the clouds blew their way and a trip to London was the prize for their undefeated team.

Fornwalt besides captaining his team to many victories was a good shot as well as a fast floor man.

A. T. Williams, the left forward, brought cheers from the rooters, by making many long shots from the middle of the floor.

A. A. Kelly at center was a bean pole that only a giant could outjump. Caged many a basket in a pinch.

B. D. Thomas, considered by many the best guard of the squadron, was one of the main factors in his team's victories.

Elliott, many times this able guard assisted by Captain Fornwalt, featured in the score.

Kithcart, Martin and Ketterer were able substitutes which very seldom got in action owing to the ability of the above-mentioned players.

FIFTH SECTION

The basketball team representing headquarters came within an ace of winning the series, suffering its only defeat at the hands of the leaders. Sergeant Taggart was easily the star of the team, although each member of the team deserves honorable mention for the creditable showing made.

J. D. Smith, captain, C. Schaffner, S. Shreve, Taggart, H. M. Stein and Roberts.

THIRD SECTION

Captain Selvey's speedy basketball team put up a game fight until they were finally eliminated by Captain Fornwalt's quintet.

First Section game! In this match the third section featured by fast floor work and led at the end of the first half, but the leaders stepped on the floor with a rush and finally won the game.

Players Selvey, (Captain), Harmon, Marcus, Ludwig, Larson, Rhodes, Burall and Bell.

FOURTH SECTION

Captain Butler's quintet of midgets played a snappy game but were greatly handicapped by the height of their opponents. The third section put them out of the race. Butler, the big boy, was easily the star of the quintet.

Players—Butler (Capt.), Lee, Seifert, Donovan, Lobdell and Cleary.

SECOND SECTION

Captain Hendel's team of goal hunters played a good game. After two hard battles they were put out of the race, the material was good, but the lack of practice showed upon them.

Players—Hendel (Capt.), Hard, Curtis, McClafferty and Pollack.

TRACK

After several weeks of early morning practice we entered the big English track meet at Yate, England, Wednesday, July 24th, and scored 36 points. A clipping from an issue of the Bristol Sporting News follows:

Military Sports at Yate England, July 25th, 1918

The second sports of No. 3 (W.) A. R. W., Royal Air Force, were held yesterday on the grounds adjoining Poole Court, Yate. There was a very large attendance which helped to make the meet a success. The arrangements were excellent and as usual in military sports meetings competition was very keen, and in some of the races record time was made. The entries included two American Squadrons, 823 and 840, and to the latter went a good proportion of the prizes. One of the chief items on an interesting and well varied program was a five mile marathon race, won by English Corp. Rew, an ex-Olympic man. At the close the prizes were presented by Mrs. Measures, wife of Lieut. Col. Measures, English Commanding Officer. Results are as follows:

High jump—First, Harmon, (840); second, Minor, (823). Height five feet, three inches.

Throwing the cricket ball—First, Bond, (840); second, Atkins, (English); third, Candler, (840). Distance 106 yards.

Shot put—First, Morrison, (English); Second, Larson, (840). Distance, 33 feet.

One mile—First, Pollack, (840); second, A. T. Williams (840); third, T. E. Williams, (840). Time, 5 minutes.

One hundred yards, officers—First, Lt. Hiles (840); second, Lt. Jackson, (823); third, Lt. Greg, (English). Time 11½ seconds.

Half mile—First, Paynter, (English); second, T. E. Williams, (840); third, O. W. Teed, (823). Time 2 minutes, 24 seconds.

Marathon race—First, Rew, (English); second, White, (English); third, Rothwell, (English); fourth, Pollack, (840). Time 25 minutes, 35 seconds.

Tug of war—840 American Squadron beats Aeroplane Repair Section, English. 840 American Squadron beats Engine Repair Section, English.

Mile relay race—First, Engine Repair, section, (English); second, Aeroplane Repair Section, (English); third, 840 team—Harmon, Burall, Bond and Worthington. Time, 4 minutes, 6 seconds.

220 yard dash—Paynter, (English); second, Hollingsworth (English); third, Elliott, (840). Time 23 seconds.

100 yard dash—First, Harmon, (840); second, Gustafson, (823); third, T. E. Williams, (840). Time 11 seconds.

DUST FROM THE TRACK

Our track coach—Lt. Hiles after practicing double time for six months showed himself to be a sprinter of some note when he ran the hundred yard dash in his military uniform in 11½ seconds.

Our track captain—Tom Williams proved himself a master of endurance when he ran and placed second in half mile, third in the mile and hundred yard dash.

Harmon—Who cleared the cross bar at the height of five feet three and also won the hundred-yard dash was one of the stars of the meet.

Bond—With an arm made of steel threw the cricket ball for the remarkable distance of 106 yards.

Pollack—Our great marathon runner who won the mile and later trusted his luck against the English Corp. Rew (Olympic Star) in the five-mile marathon race placed fourth followed by four members of his squadron, Seifert, Lee, King and John Kelley. The last three mentioned never donned a uniform until the day of the meet.

Larson—Heine came within three inches of winning the shot put when he pushed the ball of steel 32 feet, 9 inches.

A. T. Williams—Who set the pace in the mile looked like a sure win until the last five yards when the dashing Pollack came along and took the race.

Elliott—After a bad start in the 220 passed four runners and placed third.

The relay team—Got off to a bad start, but gradually picked up and placed third.

In the preliminaries on the day previous Reeves, Parker and Worthington were eliminated from the finals on the next day.

Tug of war team—Much credit must be given Bob Lowe and his team, which took five English teams off their feet in the preliminaries and easily defeated two of England's strongest teams in the finals.

VOLLEY BALL

The great Y. M. C. A. game was played by our squadron in the space between hut 4 and headquarters at Yate, England. Each hut was well represented in this sport and many good matches were witnessed by hundreds of "Tommies" as well as the usual number of "Yanks."

BOXING

This sport was well covered by our squadron and especially so by the four mitt swingers seen in the picture. An account of several of the big matches follows.

BOUTS

Robinson (840) Knocks Out Adams (822), Yate England,
May 23, 1918

"Jimmy Robinson," heavyweight boxer, knocked out Adams of 822, a husky lad of 228 lbs., in the first round of a scheduled three round bout. About 300 "Tommies and Yanks" witnessed the match.

Robinson (840) vs. Loughead (840), Yate, England,
May 24, 1918

In a scheduled three round bout Jimmy Robinson, who the night before knocked "Adams" of 822 cold, changed blows for four rounds with the mighty Loughead and finally won out on points. The third round ended in a tie. Made it necessary for an extra round. And to "Jimmy" the English presented a handsome silver cup.

Larson (840) vs. Mills (840), Yate, England, May 24, 1918

Heinie Larson, the well known amateur, changed blows for three rounds for camp championship with the professional Mickie Mills and lost on points. Mickie is given credit of being the best boxer in camp. Both boxers were presented with handsome loving cups.

Loughead (840) vs. Arnold (Canadian), London, England,



July 18th, 1918.

Following is an extract from the London Evening News, which covers the bout: A. Arnold, of the Canadian Forces, came with a reputation of being something out of the ordinary, but he showed nothing startling against R. G. Loughhead, of West Virginia, who wore blue knickers with a red band and a white stripe. The colors could not carry him to victory, but he gave Arnold a real good fight and with more experience should make the better boxer. Arnold makes a great show with his left, but it is chiefly a flap, and nothing so formidable as it looked.

Micky Mills (840) vs. R. Hickman (R. F. A.) London, England,
August 7th, 1918.

By rounds—Both sparred for opening, Mills leads with left jab to Hickman's jaw, Hickman lets fly a right cross—Mills ducked and landed a heavy uppercut to Hickman's jaw—Hickman hits the mat for the count of seven—Bell.

Second round—In this round Mills again proved the best man by landing a right cross—Hickman hit the floor for a count of three—Bell.

Third round—Mills starts with a series of jabs. Hickman appeared tired—Mills forced the round all the way—Bell. Mills gets decision.

Micky Mills (840) vs. J. Day (H. M. S. Apollo) London,
August 7th, 1918.

By rounds, First round—Day leads with a jab—Mills ducks, sends left hook to Day's jaw. Day to the mat. Day sends a right swing to Mills' jaw—Mills connects with a right cross and a left uppercut. The round ends with both fighting hard.—Bell.

Second round—Neither sparred but both boxed carefully—Day was floored at the bell.

Third round—This was the fastest round seen in the N. A. C. Both boys fought hard to the finish. Judges disagree.—Mills loses decision.



W H O ' S W H O

SOMERS, HENRY E., *Medical Officer.*

"Doc" hails from Vermont and is "some boy," joining the squadron at Garden City he immediately became one of the family, in fact we just simply could not have done without him.

All of us will recall the terrible battles he fought at Yate with his trusty steed to say nothing of the many personal battles we might have fought had "Doc" not have been on the job to send up reinforcements of pills, iodine, etc.

We feel safe in saying that every last one of us wish you the very best of luck and continued success in your profession.

HILES, RAYMOND L., *Commanding Officer.*

From Little Rock "Ark," yes it's in the U. S.

Commissioned in Infantry November 27th, 1917, after completing officers' training course at Leon Springs, Texas. Assigned to this squadron at the time of its organization February 4th, 1918.

He is an advocate of all forms of clean sport and has worked untiringly for the promotion of everything beneficial to the men in the squadron. Many of the members will recall with gratification the openness of his purse which enabled them to partake of the joys of life at a time most needed.

We doffed our overseas caps to him at our New Year's banquet when he admitted however that he learned many lessons since being placed in command of the organization.

RANDALL, MERWYN C., *Technical Officer.*

Joined the organization as we departed from England and was very popular with every one in the squadron. His work as technical officer was of high caliber with the result that he was recommended for meritorious services.

When we sailed for the States he was assigned to special duty with the army of occupation at Coblenz and we have every reason to believe that his work in a new field will continue to be of highest order.

SMALL, FRANCIS B., *Supply Officer.*

Commissioned at Plattsburg, N. Y., according to record and was born in Massachusetts quite some time previous to entry into military service. Although in khaki only since May 1917, so far as known yet his powers of command and his gift of leadership in messing circles have justly earned for him the name, "Leader of The Boy Scouts." This title he accepted with a "red-y" smile and he has never failed to answer to its responsibilities. He is seen at his best, when, surrounded by a crowd of enlisted men of the American Air Service he recounts his adventures in crossing the Atlantic, his military hardships around Bristol and Yate and the horrors of war in the Z. of A. (zone of advance) near Chatillon and Courban. Envied on account of his social standing among English officers and men where his suggestions are even more valued than his language, and for the color of his hair and mustache, the latter being a great

convenience in cantonments where street illumination is not provided. Among his distinctive characteristics the following are worthy of mention—Devotion to duty, (When buying supplies in Chatillon), power of recuperation without regard to Reveille or meals, and vocal power, demonstrated either in argument or song. In short you may know how damn mean he is, but like him just the same.

Editors Note—The above contributed by Lt. Henry E. Somers, M. C., U. S. A.

ACKER, CLAUD, (*Happy*).

One of the Hoosiers in the squadron. His favorite pastime is umpiring baseball games and braving the fury of Captains and Majors to secure favorable decisions for 840. Happy is a boxer of some note and delights in picking out Sergeant Majors for his sparring partners.

ALCNAUER, WILLIAM, (*Shorty*).

Sergeant of the tail-end squad. The runt of the squadron. Great supporter of the canteen. Hard worker and well liked by all.

AMES, GUY G.

Rheumatic Ames of Garden City, but not so now. Cook, Chauffeur and all around man. Bats 1000% at chasing cooties. Has a new crop after each excursion up to the lines in his gasoline buzz. He and his bunk in the hold of the Canopic, were fast friends. The bunk and Ames were inseparable until the explosion of the first depth charge. Afterwards he was seen transferring his blankets to a life boat.

ANTEAU, HENRY W.

One might call him a dark horse in the 840 race for as yet the writer has not been able to get anything "on him." We surmise however that he'll receive a good deal more commendation than an "also ran" when the last furlong is completed.

ARNALL, FRANK.

Who never tires of expounding the merits of all men who come from Virginia Tech. Has been known to talk as long as two minutes without mentioning the subject. He acts as left guide and dotes on continually keeping the squadron out of step. Sergeant Arnall has a winning smile and a quaint brogue all of his own which the ladies find hard to resist. Along military lines we expect much of our left guide.

ASH, FRANK P.

One of the "Im strong for Toledo gang." He went in for baseball pitching with the same zeal he applied to detail ducking and needless to say he was some pitcher.

ATCHISON, OTTO H., (*Wildcat*).

And he rode into Phoenix on a wildcat, beating it over the back with a rattlesnake. No adventure ever proved too wild for "Wildcat" and he comes out smiling every time.

BAUKNECHT, WILLIAM A.

As graceful as an elephant,

As clever as an ox,

But when it comes to raising H—

He sure gets in his knocks.

BELCH, GEORGE H., (*Sgt. (?) BELCH*).

Present address, number one in any messline. Former laundry sergeant at Garden City. Speaks longingly of the girl in Canton. Survivor of many amazing experiences in the south. Known in two countries for his beautiful curly hair.

BELL, CARL I.

"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." One of our most ardent "sight seekers." Possibly he intends to add a series of lectures on "Landmarks of Foreign Countries" to his schedule for the children whom he teaches in civil life, when he resumes his normal duties.

BIGLEY, TRUMAN J.

"The Mighty Blacksmith." Indeed powerful is he, yes and handsome, but unfortunately obsessed with the idea of trying to discover whether or not his feet are both lefts or rights.

BOND, EDDINGTON D. (*Baltimore Bond*).

Our strawberry blond who is known to the baseball players as "Cheltenham Molly," broke the Bristol Fairyland Obstacle race on Saturday, June 22, 1918. Holds down a bunk in the Maryland section of the fourth squad.

BRADFIELD, CHARLES W.

The squadron's "Beatrice Fairfax in disguise"; the only difference being that he devotes his entire efforts to one person only. Some day he hopes to meet her. We wish him luck.

BRINKLEY, CLYDE W.

Clyde has the distinction of being the youngest member of the 840, being but nineteen years of age. However, he can relate a string of railroad and other experiences encountered while knocking about the world, that would hurry any of the rest of us to equal.

BROWN, ELMER S., (*Browny*).

One of the boys from the Quaker State who plays the part to perfection. A happy-go-lucky, fellow, independently good natured and well liked by all. If Browny has ever pulled one over on us, he has been clever enough to keep it dark for we never hear anything rare about him. That's going some too.

BURALL, ROBT. J.

One of the famous "Officers" of the third section. During off hours he drives a truck. His regular duties, however, consist of instructing buck privates to show their "Officers" the respect, so necessary for good discipline.

BURLEIGH, LIONEL S.

Alias Buly Lion, originated in a small town in Canada. By some misfortune, he was in the Florida swamps when he enlisted. They say the swamp fever makes people delirious, this may help to account for his condition. Lionel is one of the magneto repairmen and has been known to repair as many as a dozen in one day. In magneto rooms he is known as "Mysterious Leone." His favorite song is, "I love the ladies." As a bugler he produces wonderful results in practice, but when the proper time comes to give the call, he unfailingly balls it up to the dismay of his comrades.

BUTLER, LAWRENCE E.

Lawrence is an ambitious lad from the wilds of western Pennsylvania; he is ever on the alert at the shop—he lies in ambush and when a job comes his way he pounces upon it and Zip it is finished in no time. Butler is a husky lad and much credit is due him for his heaving when our tug of war team pulled the Tommies all over the lot at the Yate Field Meet.

CANDLER, PAUL G.

Assistant watch dog of the soup bone. Claims to be the hardest worked man in the squadron, and since he says so himself we will let it go at that. We agree that he must be engaged in some very strenuous labor, since every time we pass his bunk we see him imbedded in the depths thereof utterly exhausted as it were. We haven't been able to find out just how he gets that way, but we understand an official investigation is under way.

CARLSON, JOHN G.

The famous "Flight Sergeant" from the land of the midnight sun. Some say he was the originator of the daylight saving scheme but Jack London once wrote a story called "Burning Daylight" so use your own judgment.

CHAPEL, HOWARD E.

Another one of the Sixth City, U. S. A. boys, commonly called out Chape. Famous for his extraordinary bunk fatigue powers. Autos and aeroplanes are to Chape like dinner and supper to most of us, and his unflagging efforts have lifted him out of the failure club to a First Class Sergeantcy. East Cleveland can well be proud of him. His one fond dream yet to be realized is that Reveille wont blow some fine morn and he can sleep another five minutes.

CHESTNUTWOOD, FRANK J.

Called Shorty by his pals and to a few of his most intimate friends he is known as "Old Indifference." His favorite sports are initiating the bugle and entertaining Bristol Fighters. His favorite song is "Toledo." He is also a horrible example of the English expression "Swank."

COBB, BENJAMIN F., JR.

Here is another Florida Cracker. Ben is one of those quiet, unassuming chaps, whom it is quite refreshing to meet in this man's army. Needless to say his friends are many.

COLVIN, WILLIAM M.

One of the Keystone State's many representatives in our outfit. Any state would be proud to be represented by a man of this character. "Bill" was one of the most valued members of 840's baseball team. It might be said of his social career, in England—He came, he saw, he conquered.

CRAFT, CLAUDE C.

Possesses hair that is envied by all the fair damsels. Never known to rise in the morning until the first note of mess call is blown. Shows aversion to work in any form. Has a manner of drilling peculiarly his own.

CRAWFORD, MATTHEW H. (*Matt*).

Hails from P-I-T-T and proud of it. The mystery of the first section. Never in his barracks. Where he goes is not known, but it is said he often carried a lantern in his night travels. Authority on "Love" and very true to "her." One of the "quiet" boys who has changed to a real sport since landing in England.

CURTIS, GLENN.

Is most popular with the boys, "ceptin" in the morn, when he blows the bugle with such gusto. Glenn hails from the back woods of Michigan where he was a regular "divil" in his own home town. When he landed in Columbus to enlist, he carried a carpet bag and was toggged out with a broad brimmed hat and felt boots. Nigh broke his neck gazing at the tall buildings. Never mind "Coitus," Lincoln started "that a way."

CLARY, LAWRENCE W.

"Buck" is a native of the village of Coshocton, Ohio, (U. S. A.) He is one of the best natured men in the squadron and possesses a keen sense of

humor. Clary never fails to make friends of those with whom he comes in contact. The success of this publication will be due in no small part to his contributions.

DANES, EDWARD J.

Known as the "Aviator" the world over. Is fond of telling others how "We used to do it at Camp Sherman." Edward is an artist of no mean ability, as the cover design of this publication will testify.

DARMSTADER, ARTHUR G.

Our good friend Darmie. In civil life a cub reporter and in the army a bear at cleaning up a panful of slum gullion. That is just to show he is an all around guy. A frequenter of cotillions at Chipping Sodbury and popular among the English girls as well as the men of the squadron.

DEBORD, LEO F.

At the end of a perfect day—"sometimes" Leo prepares for a perfect night by instigating a riot or some other playful frolic. West Virginia stands sponsor for him and the peaceful existence he craves.

DAUM, FRED.

One of our firm, staid, steady and dignified ones who saves us from the reputation of being a pack of wild animals. Fred was married a few days before we left old U. S. A. Lucky girl, eh?

DENISTON, CHALMER L.

A man whose face extends back to the point at which bone formation begins.

His center of ossification radiates excruciating knowledge; when most people arrive at the conclusion that it wont, "Denny" will sit down and prove to you conclusively that it will. He can explain to you where the wave goes when you wave an American flag.

His untiring efforts and display of pep as Business Manager of the "Propeller" cannot be overestimated.

Good natured, jolly, popular with the fellows and by no means unliked by the ladies.

DIFFENBAUGH, HERBERT H., (*Diffie*).

Here is a real live cook. He can prepare without the least conscientiousness on his part, the worst imitation of food that was ever handed to an unsuspecting soldier. This is no fault of his since the fellows never have the nerve to tell him of his excellent camouflaging. Herbert's favorite ditty is, "I love pumpkin pie, I do, I do." An expert on slipping the worst food in sergeants' mess kits.

DOERING, THEODORE P.

Corporal of the third squad. Named, we presume, after "Terrible Teddy." He believes in the saying, "To the victor belongs the spoils," especially in the mess hall. We regret that we have not more space to devote to the "Doering-Fornwalt" debates.

DODDS, RALPH H., (*Ginger*).

A hard working Associate Editor, Propeller Staff.

This young man was transferred to 840 just prior to our sailing for foreign shores. He first drew our attention by the brilliancy of his auburn locks—secondly by the twin cylinder words with which he was wont to adorn his conversation—and finally when we became better acquainted, we found in him that fine type of manliness which has been essential in putting U. S. A. over the top in this and every other struggle in which she has been engaged.

DOENGES, FAY M., (*Flighty Bill*).

Sergeant Doenges is a product of the Buckeye State. It is rumored that he comes from the metropolis of Defiance county of the Maumee. Very popular among the fairer sex. His helpful hints in the shops have given confidence to more than one amateur workman. Well liked by all the fellows:

DONLEY, CLAUDE W.

Here is one of our Chauffeurs Premier (First Class Chauffeur). What Claude don't know about motor cars, passed and present isn't worth knowing. Many of our machines have "Returned Safely" on Donley's truck; that is, what was left of them after they had tumbled from the blue.

DONOVAN, PATRICK A.

Called "Pat." His favorite saying is "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." He frequently flashes a "Pittsburgh Stogie" on the unsuspecting multitude. We regard this as hardly fair since we haven't been issued our gas masks yet. He nearly wrecked the nerves of his comrades by organizing the "Jazz" band, which gave several more or less successful concerts. When not on a musical rampage he is a quiet chap and a friend to all.

DORSEY, FRANK J.

A stalwart youth from Benton, Pennsylvania, a burg noted for the manufacture of good old McHenry Whisky. He stoutly maintains that there is no state like Pa., and no creek like Fishing Creek. He also claims that this is the best war he was ever in. Dorsey has a winning smile which he flashes on his comrades at frequent intervals. He is well liked and has the best wishes of the squadron.

EARLES, GEORGE W., (*Doc.*)

Now we come to this splendid example of southern manhood. George joined this man's army back in the summer of '17, as a chemist in the Medical Corps. This branch of the service, however, was too tame for George W. and having ambitions to become a high flyer, he transferred to the Aviation Section Signal Corps. It was only a short time until he jumped into the squadron limelight as a sergeant. In this capacity he won the esteem and respect of those under him. "Fair and Firm" that's George, all over. Apart from his squadron and daily flights, he took a prominent part in side issues of the squadron. The baseball team could not have done without him on the third sack, while the mess line would not have been complete had he been absent. After all has been said and done the inevitable answer is—he's a damn good fellow and well liked by all.

EDLAVITCH, MICHAEL, (*Mike*).

Corporal of the third squad. Prophet of the first section. Being a good friend of the Major, Mike gives us all the confidential information concerning the camp. Charter member of the "Gimmee Club." Everlastingly referring to the old times at Washington.

ELLIOTT, ALEX F.

Basketball and Track. Chief disturber of the first section. Hard worker in all athletics, but has never broken his back bringing home medals awarded at the different sports. It is a shame that medals are not given for bunk fatigue for he certainly would be laden with medals of all kinds.

ENGLE, HERMAN.

They say still water runs deep. "Herm" sure is still. Never says a word but the boys wonder whither he goeth every evening and when he returneth.

FARISON, CLYDE A.

Many are the accomplishments of this clever boy while on duty, he is a Liberty Motor expert. During off hours he is noted as a veritable camera fiend.

FRAZEE, CHARLES T.

The difference between Frazee and great men, is that they all started on a farm and Charlie intends to end on one. That is his own statement so it goes as the undisputed truth. Frazee had charge of a Fuselage party which made an enviable record both at Yate, England, and Courban, France.

FRY, HERBERT D.

He's so quiet and unassuming that it is almost impossible to say good or bad about him. When it comes to Army Rumors, he is the Official Gloom Spreader. He has been awarded a ribbon for bringing the boys out of the clouds in double quick time. Always a hard worker and when she isn't hitting on all twelve Herbert can generally tell you why.

FORNWALT, RALPH H.

Basketball and orchestra. The ragtime violinist. One of the main defenders of the first section during the frequent raids. The main question in the first section is—does the girl in the States belong to Fornwalt or Hunter. He is advertising his brand new furniture for sale at a greatly reduced price.

FRENCH, SILAS, (*French Old Top*).

One of the squadron's mascots; has been in the limelight ever since the squadron was formed. We write no more for fear of infringing on "Dere Mabel."

FREDERICK, LOVAL V.

The fellows call him grinny for he has a smile for every one. His favorite pastime is chewing and smoking Five Brothers tobacco. Most of his time at the shops is spent making left hand monkey wrenches, souvenirs, etc.

FAUGHNAN, WILLIAM T.

Speaking casually, there is Willy Faughnan, who was suddenly transferred from the ease of the Casual Department to the 840th, on the eve of our sudden departure for England. Bill may not be an Englishman but he can say "Im Sorry," with the best of them and he says it with much feeling when the bugle blows "Fatigue." He hails from California, so—

"Here's to a Bonny, Good Old Mate,
Who hails from the Land of the Golden Gate,
The East may raise her corn and pigs,
But give to Willie his sunshine and figs."

GIBBONS, ORVILLE J.

Better known in military circles as Captain Ireland, the Cane Maker, Heap Big Chief of the Walnut Stick. It's too bad we weren't issued a Solomon in our squadron to answer "Gibbie's" numerous foolish questions, Orville is one of the most generous hearted men in the organization, always willing to extend a helping hand on all occasions.

GIESIGE, RAYMOND.

Raymond is a conscientious fellow and maintains that a man can be a good Christian without the use of soap. His latest achievement along this

line, is scrubbing the floors of all four huts in time to catch the afternoon train to Bristol. He can roll his pack in one half hour flat.

GREEN, LOUIE P.

"Cotton Blossom Louie," the guy from South Carolina who still carries the nigger slang. He joined as an oil expert, but it did not take him long to decide that this was very confining work. Cooking was a much better job for he could work one day and rest two. Louie has made himself very popular with the troops by feeding them plenty of beans.

GREISEMER, ALBERT.

"Them's Not Whales, Them's Mountains" he shouted as the rugged coast of Wales hove in sight, and thus we introduce Albert Greisemer, 840's finest cook. Nothing is ever too hard for him to do if it is for the boys. Back there in Sellersville, Pa., those four little kiddies can well be proud of their soldier dad.

GREISINGER, CHAUNCEY J., (*Sergeant Goosey*).

Serious but no one ever knows it. Many dull moments have been turned into joyous outbursts of laughter by this valuable piece of "Change" from Delta, Ohio. Chaun paid a friendly visit to Nancy and "Jerry" must have been tipped off that a valuable man was at large for he immediately showered the place with bombs. An eye witness has it that Sergeant Goosey knocked down 14 Limies in his dash for a dug-out. The squadron tailor is now hard at work designing something out of leather to adorn Greisinger's coat in commemoration of the gallant work mentioned above.

HARD, RONALD M.

One of the boys of whom 840 is proud. A hard worker, a brave soldier and a gentleman in the true sense of the word. Is an expert on engine installation upon which so much depends in the aeroplane game. We certainly have reason to boast, since, under the leadership of Sergeant Hard, no crash and its subsequent fatalities were ever traced to the inefficiency of this squadron.

HAMBICK, LEWIS E.

After trying army life he decided cooking was a little better than pick and shovel but expert K. P. was the extent of his advancement along the cullinary line. This should not be held against him for later he proved to be one of the mainstays of the carpenter shop.

HARMON, LEWIS E. (*Lew*).

Zowie—The sky is the limit. We used to think that Harmon reached the heights with some of the high handed remarks with which he perpetrated the air, but when he won the high jump at the R. A. F. track meet he also took a great leap into the hearts of his comrades.

HAVA, CHARLES E.

Claims the distinction of having been stopped by every M. P. in France for exceeding the speed limit. Charlie can strike terror into the heart of a front line veteran with his corner cutting and we fear for the pedestrians of Cleveland when he returns.

HEEFNER, CHESTER C.

A staunch advocate of African Golf and hair cuts a la Dead Rabbit. He gained some reputation in the battle of Courban and they say of him that none braved Paris with a firmer resolve. Last seen there headed for the Follies-Bergere * * * now a seasoned vet, trailing a pair of size 11 boots through Letracey. A Pennsylvanian and a hard worker.

HENDEL, RAYMOND H.

A very quiet lad except when asleep. His midnight concerts, dialogues, etc., are known to all. Ray is one of those clean cut chaps of whom 840 is proud.

HUFF, FRANK C.

One of our few handsome boys. Former corporal of the fighting fourth. Very witty, in fact, it has been said he should be with Mark Twain. Enterprising business man and holds extensive business interests in Bristol. For further details, see Huff.

HUNTER, FRANK M., (*Slim*).

Baseball, basketball and orchestra. Always, on asking Slim's home address he answers, "Bethlehem, where steel is king"; but his service record shows it is Oakmount; why? Is he totally disgusted with Oakmount or His actions before a piano are continually getting him into something we would consider "pretty soft stuff."

HEAP, CECIL R.

Lots of bull, some few ills,
Gobs of iodine, boxes of pills,
Private Heap, our Medical Man,
Hands them out as best he can.

Doc is one of our quiet birds but his slow wit pleases the boys and if he weren't addicted to the habit of sleeping through Reveille, we would predict a brilliant military career for him.

HUNTER, ROLAND L.

The Columbus (Not to mention Freeport, Long Island) Social Scamp. Entered this army on December 13th under the name of Roland L. Hunter and the ladies in the aforesaid towns are cussing the Kaiser for prolonging the war forcing Rollie o'er the big drink. While yet a student in Ohio State University he heard his country's call and though exempt from military service he joined the Air Service and with the exception of always drawing guard duty on Saturday nights he has come through a flying.

JOHNSON, OTTO J.

"*Silence Is Golden*"
He sayeth little,
and thinketh much,
So I'll write little,
and not get in Dutch.

KELLEY, JOHN G.

All hail the Peanut Sergeant who came in the limelight yelling madly, "Only a few more bars left boys, get 'em while they are hot." He yelled, shouted and fought his way to the exalted position of Electrical Sergeant. He gets by as an electrician and makes some of the most absurd assertions; such as, "Electricity is something that runs automobiles, street cars, machinery, peanut roasters and does many other curious things." He spends his time at the shops expounding the principles of his subject to the other men. During his leisure in the evenings he gives fatherly advice to any one that will listen to him for a couple of minutes. His favorite saying after taps is, "You birds be quiet back there." (Hee haws, howls, jeers, and catcalls from the birds back there.)

KELLY, AUSTIN A. (*Irish*).

Represents the smoky city of Penna. Went out strongly for basketball, volley ball, the mess line, and other athletics. One of our most efficient K. P.s, handling the slum-gullion with a skill rarely found in amateurs. Very modest about his work as he never allows any one to see him at it.

KETTERER, FREDERICK H., (*Mother*).

Boasts of coming from Reading, Pa., the land of pretzels, sourkraut and beer. He is a member of the firm of Thompson and Ketterer, builders of Rotary Motors. As this paper goes to press we are informed that their first product is being rapidly assembled and will be out on scheduled time. He has been awarded a V. C. for distinguished conduct in the mess line.

KING, DARREL J.

When it comes to taking chances Darrel's right there. Take a tip from us and never dare him to do anything that is impossible, for no matter what it is, he'll try it. For example—he entered the five mile marathon on R. A. F. Sports Day without one bit of training and finished solely on his nerve. Hats off, he is a real type of an American Soldier.

KITHCART, JOHN L., (*Pap*).

Corporal of the fourth squad. Strawberry blond from southern Florida. Has the corner in England on Prince Albert. Closely associated with royalty. (Salvage Queens).

KLEIN, HENRY C.

Henry hails from Iowa where he was a devoted follower of the plow. On his heart smashing tour through England, Kleiny accumulated a photograph with this endearing inscription, "To My Cowboy, From His Cow Girl." Who in blazes ever heard of a London Cow Girl.

LANG, ALBERT V.

From the everglades and swamps of Florida. Tho now a sergeant, there was a time when he was the only buck private in captivity who could successfully tell all the corporals and sergeants where to "get off at." He is full of brainy ideas, especially along military lines. It is even rumored that Lang is the author of the I. D. R. (Infantry Drill Regulations).

LAUSCH, MAHLON W.

"The Flying Dutchman" from Pa. This bird, however, is not spreading his wings these days. His time is occupied in covering wings for aeroplanes.

LEE, AUSTIN A. T.

Known as "Ferocious Austentious." A young man that will go far (if allowed). Known to every one whether they like it or not. Very enthusiastic track man. Modest and unassuming (?). Favorite subject of conversation, "Women, lovely women." Goes out strongly for magnetos and other indoor sports.

LENZ, FRED J.

840 feels impervious to number '13's or other hoodoos, for we have in our midst, this man from "Lucky" Ohio. Is one of our few early risers. Fred is an advocate of Harry Lauder's, "Oh It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning," but we all think, It's Nicer to Lay in the Bunk.

LEONARD, LAWRENCE.

Honorary member of the Ananias Club and a direct descendant of one of the most famous families of Mexican bull fighters and starts an uproar every time he begins throwing the Bull. Leonard is of small stature, but to hear him talk you would think he was one of the mythical giants mentioned in Gullivar's Travels. It is not his fault that he quit growing too soon, for if he had grown up he would surely have turned the world over.

LARSON, HENRY T.

"Vanity," thy name is Henry and beauty in this case is more than skin deep. "Red's" one of our favorites, an all around athlete, a fair singer and a regular guy of the front line. Having traveled thus far without finding anyone whom he loved better than himself, Henry has concluded

that there is none better. Comes from Newcastle, Pa., but is better known among the younger set of the Sixth City.

LEWIS, CLAUDE A.

Known as "Windy Wiraker's" most adept pupil. His work at the shops has been heartily endorsed by the inefficiency experts. It is reported that he now holds the inaccuracy and inefficiency records. As an entertainer of the fair sex he is without an equal. Oh, Claude is some heart breaker and home wrecker, all right.

LOBDELL, LAWRENCE W., (*Lobie*).

"Lobie" is the champion bantam weight fighter of the squadron. He is the victor of a thousand battles, vanquishing all opponents that come his way. Possesses a charming personality and is well liked by all his comrades. "Lobie" applies himself to his work and is certainly doing his bit to make the world safe for democracy.

LOUGHEAD, RALPH G. (*Lager*).

The Frank Moran of the squadron. Holds the long distance sleeping record. Also holds a prominent place in all mess formations. It appears that he is fond of Westerleigh. We wonder why. Lovingly referred to as the Prince of a thousand bouts.

LOUSER, HERMAN W.

Editor-in-Chief Propeller staff; Guardian of the Squadron Fund; Grandmother of the Adopted Twins, etc., etc., etc. The Squadron's complete faith in this budding young sergeant is shown by his repeated election of each and every office where popular vote is required.

The qualities which have won for him such an enviable place in our hearts need no further comment here. Hermie is our "Blue Ribbon Kid."

Associate Editor's Note:—We had to say nice things about this Lebanon Dutchman or he would never have let the publication go to press.

LUTZ, CLAYTON H.

"What's the Use of Being Dutch, If You Aren't Dumb." Clayton has let out a link and become a regular fellow since joining the army. It was his ? ? good fortune to pay frequent visits to the front line trenches, which he approached with the fear of the Lord in his heart.

LOWE, ROBERT W.

Known throughout England for his marked ability to both start and finish either side of any argument. He has also been known to get dizzy from repeated circling of the mess line. Bob is well liked by every member of the squadron and his soldierly qualities have won him the rank of Sergeant. May he return safely to the future Mrs. Bob in Brilliant Ohio.

LUDWIG, GORDON J., (*Dick*).

"Time and Tide Wait for No Man"

He comes from the fastest growing city in America (We hope your guess is correct) and he certainly keeps pace with it for there's very little of importance that takes place that Dick doesn't have a hand in. N. B. We just learned that we had the wrong city in mind but what's the odds.

LONG, JOHN W.

"She" has been his inspiration throughout and well does he merit credit. Johnny used to hurry through Saturday morning inspection back in Garden City to make the 12.04 for Broad Street Station. Philly, but we don't blame John for "she" was waiting there for him. The Independent Air Forces' wonderful success is due in great measure to Johnny's great work on D. H. 9s and Handleys.

MACK, PAUL E.

Joined the squadron in its mad rush for embarkation for overseas. A hard and conscientious worker who looks before he leaps. No one will deny that his sojourn in England was a pleasant one for him as well as the girl, "over there."

MARCUS, DAVID F.

One of those typical New Yorkers who can guide you to the up-to-the-minute shows and can tell you where to sip and chat after leaving the Winter Garden. Not an ardent admirer of army grub but a connoisseur of "Tango Teas." 840's Irving Berlin who deserves much credit for his work as an Assistant Editor on the Propellor Staff.

MARTIN, HERBERT D.

Marvelous athlete (Mexican). Talks in a penetrating whisper that can be heard all over the camp. John McCormick has nothing on Martin when it comes to singing, for Martin's voice has qualities all its own. We regret that we cannot devote the necessary space required to comment on his running abilities.

MATUSIE, PETER J.

Can trace his descent in an unbroken line from the professional mourners and weepers. He has a mania for borrowing matches. His favorite expression is "Some one has stolen (substitute any article ever used)," then in undertone, "Oh no, here it is." Matusie prefers women of mature age.

MAYS, SNEED W.

Alias Col. Sneed is a firm believer in spectacles and plug tobacco. The Col. is a quiet, unassuming, chap; and will certainly win rapid promotion by being ever on the alert and devouring all work that comes his way. He is one of our most successful detail duckers.

McCLAFFERTY, FRANCIS J.

How our Irish friend "Mac" got mixed up with those Pennsylvania Dutch is more than I can understand. He is the chesty kid but often gives way to his old battle cry, "I want to go home," which all who "did time" at Waco will remember.

MCDERMITT, MAURICE J.

In civil life he manufactures ice cream, nevertheless he holds a warm place in the hearts of his fellow soldiers.

MCDOWELL, WILLIAM K.

Known as "T" Bone. He has a mania for American Chewing Tobacco and pretty girls. He is a good soldier and is continually complimenting the Government for the luscious T Bone steaks that we get at mess (???) Mac is a cartoonist and a poet of great notoriety and his verses will be read and enjoyed for generations to come.

McFADDEN, EUGENE A., (Mac.)

From South Carolina, a product of one of our foremost military schools, every inch a soldier, one of the flowers of our baseball team, an energetic worker and a mighty good fellow. He likes the ladies and vice versa; all success in your undertakings, "Mac."

MEADOWCROFT, ALBERT.

Better known as the pilot's wife. He comes from Philadelphia and never allows his pals to forget that his native city is the liveliest live town in existence. He has the habit of loitering in the vicinity of the R. R. station on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. He has a failing for the girls and BULL (Durham). His favorite saying is, "Oh what a beauty."

MERRITT, THERON L.

Comes from the Empire State but unlike many New Yorkers he is quiet and unassuming. He joined our organization on the eve of its departure for foreign climes. He soon became one of the most popular members of the squadron. Merritt rapidly gained the reputation of being one of the foremost workers in our Rigging Department. When it becomes necessary for 840 to demobilize, Merritt will carry with him the best wishes of all.

MILLER, ALBERT D.

"My Only Books Were Woman's Looks and Follies All They've Taught Me." Albert holds the distinction of being the first Third Lieutenant ever commissioned in Uncle Sam's Army. He is noted for his beautiful figure of which he is very proud. However his efficient work as an inspector assisted the communiques in stating that "All Our Planes Returned Safely."

MILLER, HARRY N.

Can't forget the good old days back on the farm. He has also wide experience in the lumber business about which he delights to give detailed information. He is very fond of dissecting a fuselage, and we expect to see him a flight sergeant of that department soon. The Riggers Group is very proud of Harry, except when he indulges in his favorite in and out door sport of chewing "Mail Pouch" or "Honest Scrap" plug tobacco?

MILLS, MICHAEL V., (*Micky*).

A man he was to all the country dear
Goldsmith.

Pugilist—Orator—Showman—Social Butterfly—Editor—etc., etc. There seems to be no end to this Pennsylvania lightweight champion's accomplishments. Yet, with them all, his is not an immodest mien and his reign as ringleader of "doings" both good and "evil" is a popular and acceptable one.

MILSTED, LESLIE E.

He hails from the far west—Washington State. He was fortunate enough to join our peerless squadron while still in England. He distinguished himself in the battle of Courban. Besides being a man of courage Leslie is an excellent companion and friend.

NASH, OTHA G., (*General Mess*).

Our beloved mess sergeant is called on three times a day by every member of the squadron. We often wonder what the substances are that he calls "food" but perhaps it is better that we don't know. He really is an artist when it comes to camouflaging indigestible substances.

NOBLES, HADEN R.

He lives up to his name in that he is a noble disciple of the Great Greisemer.

A man we all love is a cook,
In our hearts we bear a soft nook
We'll ply him with smokes
And laugh at his jokes,
So he'll give us his best for our chuck.

O'BRIEN, HARRY A.

"Matter of fact" from Piqua, Ohio. Also known 'mong the boys as "Fancy."

We could write "beaucoup" nice things about Harry but little about his home town. Therefore it is our sincere wish that he is not so unfortunate as to take some of our good brand of trained cooties back to the Favorite Hotel to mingle with those of questionable pedigree.

OLSZEWSKY, CLEMENS.

The living grammar school. He is so full of adjectives, subjects, predicates, and other parts of speech not allowed in print, that we are afraid he will break out with a violent case of adverbs at any time. His favorite saying is "Double U Time."

O'SCHARMAN, JOSEPH C.

Alias "Buggs." Has a clever habit of acquiring information on any subject before events have occurred; arrives at definite conclusions without any data. He also has a rare and racy collection of old rocks, bones and stones, stoutly maintaining that they will find a place of honor in the Smithsonian Institute. It is our impression that his collection has about as much chance as the proverbial snowball in Hell.

PARKER, THOMAS.

An Englishman by birth—An American by choice. A concoction of the good traits of the former with a dash of the latter for spice.

POLLACK, JOSEPH J.

From Mahanoy City, Pa., willing to argue with anyone on any subject bar none. Joe has never been troubled with indigestion. Among the first in the mess line and also president of "Seconds." He is an excellent engine tester and in France held the enviable ??? job of accompanying pilots on test flights.

PORTER, JOHN W.

We have little information on this member of our family as he was one of our recent acquisitions; however we do know that good people come from Boston and John hails from there.

PRATHER, SAM W.

This South Carolina "Jazbo Kid" always wears a broad smile on his happy countenance. He has gained prominence in all the squadron's athletic activities.

PRIBBLE, GEORGE, (*Monk*).

When anyone wants any dope on anyone else and don't know where to get it they turn to "Monk" as a last resort and most usually he slips the info'. He is our mental historian and one of our oldest members. He is the chap to go to after it is all over for some startling reminiscences.

RANDOLPH, FRANK R.

Noted for his pretty brown eyes and for the fact that he is always first out of bed in the morning. Randy once had his hair trimmed "Dead Rabbitt" and when in bed it was difficult for his buddies to discover which part of his anatomy adorned the pillow. Oh! Mr. Randolph, you are so big and strong.

REEVES, ARTHUR M.

Here's a speedy chap, to prove it, he finished fourth, in one of the running events at the R. A. F. track meet. Possibly you recall how many started at the post. We figure that he might have pulled down first prize but for the fact that he was slightly overtrained owing to the strenuous pace he set daily in the mess lines.

REGISTER, LAFAYETTE A., (*Zed*).

Known on two continents as "Hob-nail Zed." The home and heart breaker. It is a shame the way poor unsuspecting females fall for his line of ? ? ? ? ? . He is from the malaria swamps and cane brakes of Florida. The only thing that Zed likes better than chocolate is more chocolate and has been known to shed real alligator tears when he could only purchase six pence worth. There are worse drillers than Zed, but we have

never seen them. He is always highly pleased when his bunk is re-arranged by any of his loving comrades in depravity, and never fails to reward their services by pompously caressing their domes with a hob nail. Zed is a lovable fellow and near and dear to the hearts of all those who know him. His favorite expression is "Sure 'Nuff."

REINDERS, WALTER A., (*Montana*).

First came into prominence at Waco, Texas, as A. Lincoln of the squadron and again in England, where he used some of his Montana tactics on some thoroughbreds.

RHOADES, FRANK.

Gentlemen, here we meet another efficient "officer." The ambition of his life is to instill into his privates the same soldierly traits that he, himself, so ably displays.

RIDDLE, BERNARD E.

Naturally a good soldier as he has a reputation for bravery gained while a member of the Wampus Fire Department; maybe the place isn't Wampus but anyway we know he was a fireman and a durned brave un tew. Doesn't say much about his exploits tho' as he is so dad burned modest.

RIGGLE, JOHN F.

"Johnnie" is one of those "Matinee Idol" sort of fellows who just looks so grand in a uniform. Any English girl would part with her last tuppence ha'penny to die in his arms. Riggle represents the highest type of young American Soldier and we are mighty glad to have his name on our squadron roster.

ROBERTS, CAREY M.

"Our Tormentor Artist" was one of our leading athletes, having played on both the basketball and football teams. Carey and his Yo-Hee are known wherever the 840th has sojourned.

ROBINSON, JAMES E., (*Jimmy*).

The Jess Willard of the squadron. One of the "Gold Dust Twins" (Robinson and Loughead). We hear that investigation is under way concerning his frequent trips to Westerleigh. Winner of many cups, loving and otherwise.

ROOT, GEORGE W.

Three strikes—you're out. These words are music to George's ears, and he hears them not infrequently for his prowess as a pitcher of our baseball team is known far and wide. Second only to his ability as a pitcher is his thorough knowledge of cigarette tobaccos.

ROSS, HARRY E., (*Pacer*).

Reputed to be the best ground aviator. Favorite diversion: Pacing up and down the company street at an early hour in the morning. Authority on forgotten luxuries, viz: Tempting ice cream and ices.

RUTKOWSKI, JOSEF.

Who took his trade test as official souvenir maker, it is known semi-officially that he is near perfection along this line. It is thought that he has intentions of starting a novelty shop in Chicago after the war, to dispose of his stock. His favorite sport is massaging the barracks floor with a mop every Saturday afternoon. Perfection and stick-to-it-iveness along this line has gained him the most desired position of all, that of being K. P. on Sunday. Virtue always has its reward and we cannot but feel that he will make good.

RYAN, MARK J.

Sergeant Ryan hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, and his native state may well be proud to produce a man of his type. He is one of the hardest

workers in the squadron and one of the most efficient. His leisure hours are spent in teaching the English girls the latest dance steps as he is an accomplished dancer. He is bound to make good in anything he may attempt and certainly has the best wishes of the squadron.

SAMPSON, DAVID L.

Our Sammie, from Springfield, Ohio. We've got to speak easy now for this young blondy is the Official Watch Dog of the illustrious skin list. Yes, Sampson is a hard guy, we admit it, but get him away from the Orderly Room and his accompanying responsibilities and he ceases to be Sergeant Sampson and becomes Dear Sammie, a regular fellow and one of the best of companions.

SCHAFFNER, CHARLES H., (*Chuck*).

Camouflaged as Supply Sergeant for some time. It is a known fact that said Charles has never handed out a thing that would fit except bacon cans and tent pins. Handing out supplies, however, was only a small part of Charlie's daily, and yes nightly duties, as he has won fame as a souvenir collector, sightseer, tester of all kinds of English and French fine wines, beers and liquors. Charles was a successful candidate and would have donned a Sam Brown had the signing of the armistice been postponed a few days. One of the most popular boys in the organization and as we send this to press the information reaches us that he is married—hearty congratulations Charles and his best wishes to "Sug."

SEEGER, JOSEPH F., (*Joe*).

"Cincinnati Joe," pride of the aero fitters. The proud possessor of one of the most charming voices in the squadron. Has a passion for cold showers and "Gold Flakes." Very fond of "English Teas."

SEIFERT, ALBERT C.

Young, ambitious and full of life, member of the football and track teams. We are of the opinion that "Swabbie" lied to the Recruiting Officer when he "jined up," but all the members of this organization are mighty glad that they took him at his word.

SELVEY, WILLIAM H.

In civil life Bill is a school teacher and this can be easily ascertained when one gets into an argument with him. He looks at you with a kind of mathematical expression on his countenance and in a very clear way demonstrates that its "this-a-way" and not "that-a-way."

SHANKLIN, FRED G.

Joined our organization the day before its departure from America. We certainly gained a most energetic and industrious young man. His untiring efforts in behalf of the squadron have been an inspiration to his associates. "Shank" is a friend to each and every man with whom he comes in contact, which no doubt accounts for his popularity.

SHAW, FRANK H.

A man of the type sometimes called "Dark Horse." Exactly opposite to the kind of fellow who is strong for shouting his own virtues from the house tops. Frank don't need to do that as there are plenty of men in the Air Service who know of his valuable services to the "Highest Branch of the Army."

SILVERLIGHT, BENJAMIN.

Alias "Useless." We regret that a sore ankle has kept Bennie out of all work such as details, fatigue, etc., since he joined this organization, but when there is no work to do he can be seen playing leapfrog, pole vaulting, high jumping, boxing, etc.

SHREVE, SEWELL, (*Doc.*)

Absolutely the best "Top Kick" that ever "Top Kicked." He is a mixture of pep and squareness, in fact everything it takes to make a good soldier. BUT old King Solomon didn't have a thing on "Doc" when it comes to women—AND the man that invented booze must have gotten his patent on thirst from him. However Washington, D. C., should be justly proud of this young man and a very bright future is predicted for him in a "dry" town.

SMITH, HUGH P.

Another one of the Smith species whose hobby in civilian life in Toledo, Ohio, is plying the waters of Lake Erie in a sail boat. An engine man of marked ability and many a pilot can thank "Our Hughy" for his safety.

SMITH, JOSEPH D.

(Operator, let's have the spot light on this young man. Front stage and center, Sergeant, please. Thanks. Ready—Action—Go.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we take great pleasure in introducing to you one of the squadron's headliners, Joseph Dorsey Smith. We know his girlish figure will hardly permit us calling him a heavenly "star," but he sure does twinkle in 840 circles. We surely bemoan the fact that there is no Cicero in our midst, in order that his virtues might properly be sung. "Joey" is one of those popular, versatile sort of fellows who can always be found in the foreground, wherever 840 shines.

SMITH, MARSHALL H.

Y. M. C. A. man, barber, cook, engine shark, mess sergeant, M. S. E., S. O. S., M. D. S., and Chipping Sodbury Social Lion.

STAAB, JOSEPH A., (*Joe*).

Captain baseball team. A previous service man who is continually referring to his old outfit and bemoaning the fact that he is now with a bunch of Boy Scouts. Perhaps it is his knowledge of New York that gives him the line of bull necessary to make him popular with Bristol Fighters.

STEIN, HENRY M.

"Hi from Detroit," Sergeant Major, (Alias the Undisputable Leader of the Awkward Squad); had our transport sailed one day later Henry would have entered the bonds of matrimony. The favorite flower of the lady in question must have been the four leaf clover. It has frequently been said that the Squadron never did possess a horse shoe

STEIN, LEWIS.

The Squadron Tailor. The Flat Iron Wonder, WAS an excellent tailor when working for Bill Strouse at Harrisburg, Pa. Always had considerable difficulty in procuring the necessary "stoof." Has an excellent military record; a prominent figure in all "Kangaroo Courts."

STROUD, THOMAS M.

The Huck Finn of the squadron. Noisy but popular with the fellows. Tom has seen previous service with the Canadian army in the Royal Air Force so has been very much at home with the British.

TARGGART, WILLIAM M.

Chief Mogul of the Pill Squad. As the Medical Detachment was transferred to us just prior to our sailing. "Targ" is one of the few in our midst who never had any wild dreams of piloting a Handley Page or Bristol fighter over "Jerry's" lines. Although a quiet fellow Targgart has a host of friends in 840.

THOMAS, BENJAMIN D., (*Bennie*).

If Bennie goes after the Huns like he goes after basketball—well, just look out, that's all. Great smoker, but his opinion of English cigarettes would not pass the censor. He surely has Some One back in his home town for he has no time for the girls over here.

THOMPSON, LONY C., (*Pup Tent Lony*), (*Deacon*), *Etc.*

Known as "Corps" by the husky members of the first squad. Favorite expression, "Come on boys, I'll lead you on" but we say, "A little child shall lead them." When on pass, Lony invariably carries his pup tent. We don't know the reason. In fact we are too polite to ask.

VILLIE, RALPH K.

It is undecided whether he came from Mexico or Mississippi. One of the most studious (?), social-bull, fellows in the squadron. Favorite pastimes, doing bunk fatigue, reading English novels and skipping details.

WANDEL, RAY BLOOM.

From Hunlock, Pa., which is evidently some village as Ray is some boy; very modest, but sure can deliver the goods. He is another one of those fellows who knew just exactly where the S. M.'s goat was hitched. As assistant editor of this publication the value of the services rendered by him cannot be overestimated.

Thank you Mr. Personnel Officer for assigning said "R. B. W." to our organization.

WATKINS, ROBERT C.

Known to us as "Shorty," but to the home folks as Cunningham. Many nice things can be said about this boy, jolly, sweet tempered, witty, and last but not least good looking. He has a corner on the hearts of numerous English girls, who loudly lamented his parting for France. "Oh It's a Cruel War."

WIEGMAN, FREDERICK.

Fred claimed that he had worked on planes long before there ever was such a thing as war. Most of us rather doubted this, but nevertheless, our Louisiana member was more than able to hold his own in the Rigging Department.

WIGGENHAUSER, CARL, (*Wiggy*).

Known as a "hard boiled" guy. "Wiggy" absorbed his winning ways while sojourning in Uncle Sam's Navy, where he expects to re-enter after the war is over. He hails from "Toity Toid" Street, by de "Shoit" Factory, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAMS, ALDEN T., (*Captain*).

Basketball and track. Well informed on all military matters (?). Reputed to be the biggest eater in the squadron. The despair of Hoover. It is rumored that the Captain took up track work in order to get the extra eats. After the war we expect to find him at the head of a large aeroplane factory.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS E.

We used to think that Tom's greatest glory lay in his talent as a singer; but since the track meet, at Yate, England, when he captained our team to a remarkable showing, we are convinced that his feet run his voice a close second.

WORTHINGTON, AMOS D., (*Mamma's Bouncing Baby Boy*).

Our sports specialist. He is often seen coming into the hut, walking as if in a trance, reading the league standing in the latest papers. "Worth"

is an authority on all sports, having admitted being co-author of A. G. Spauldings, "Rules and Regulations." Amos D., incidently created somewhat of a flurry among the ladies over here, due to the way he wears his hair clipped off. With all said and done, "Worthy" is one of those men on whom we depend to uphold our dignity, reputation and general desirability.

WRIGHT, JAMES.

WRIGHT, JOHN A.

One dark and stormy "nite" when the day before that day's train pulled into Courban, a couple of travel worn medical men dropped off and we received our first introduction to the Wright boys. They are valuable assets to our Pill Brigade and every one claims that they are all right.

ROSTER of SQUADRON

OFFICERS

Hiles, Raymond L.	2nd Lt., A. S., 721 W. 10th St., Little Rock, Ark.
Randall, Merwyn C.,	2nd Lt., A. S., 2822 Annette St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Small, Francis B.,	2nd Lt., A. S., 36 Mansfield St., Everett, Mass.
Somers, Henry E.,	1st Lt., M. C., 97 Autumn St., Newport, Vt.

ENLISTED MEN

Acker, Claud,	Chauffeur,	Care Ind. Bridge Co., Muncie, Ind.
Alcnauer, William,	Sergeant 1cl,	9916 Bessemer Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Ames, Guy G.,	Chauffeur,	DeFuniak Springs, Fla.
Anteau, Henry W.,	Corporal,	925 Noble St., Toledo, Ohio.
Arnall, Frank E.,	Sergeant,	803 E. Grace St., Richmond, Va.
Ash, Frank P.,	Private,	1766 Hamilton St., Toledo, Ohio.
Atchison, Otto H.,	Private,	108 W. Pike St., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Bauknecht, William A.,	Cook,	486 Lincoln Ave., Bridgeport, Ohio.
Belch, George H.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	Maxton, Robeson Co., N. C.
Bell, Carl I.,	Private 1cl.,	Junction City, Perry Co., Ohio.
Bigley, Truman J.,	Corporal,	Butztown, Northampton Co., Pa.
Bond, Edington D.,	Sergeant,	2604 McElderry St., Baltimore, Md.
Bradfield, Charles W.,	Sergeant,	Station "C" R. No. 3 Columbus, Ohio.
Brinkley, Clyde W.,	Sergeant,	9 Boyer St., Johnstown, Pa.
Brown, Elmer S.,	Private,	Ebensburg, Pa.
Burall, Robert J.,	Sergeant,	220 W. South St., Frederick, Md.
Burleigh, Lionel S.,	Private 1cl.,	2812 Tenth St., Tampa, Fla.
Butler, Lawrence E.,	Private 1cl.,	409 N. Ave., Kittanning, Pa.
Candler, Paul G.,	Cook,	Rainsburg, Bedford Co., Pa.
Carlson, John C.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	51 Maple St., Yonkers, N. Y.
Chapel, Howard E.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	13507 Hayden Ave, E. Cleveland, Ohio.
Chestnutwood, Frank J.,	Private 1cl.,	119 Michigan St., Toledo, Ohio.
Clary, Lawrence,	Corporal,	395 S. Tenth St., Coshocton, O.
Cobb, Benjamin F., Jr.,	Cook,	Kissimmee, Fla.
Colvin, William M.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	Schellsburg, Bradford Co., Pa.
Craft, Claud C.,	Private,	1726 Franklin St., Tampa, Fla.
Crawford, Matthew H.,	Sergeant,	McDonald, Pa., R. D., No. 3.
Curtis, Glenn,	Private,	Freesoil, Mich., R. D. No. 1.
Danes, Edward J.,	Sergeant,	3121 W. 46th St., S. W., Cleveland, Ohio.
Darmstader, Arthur G.,	Corporal,	9809 N. Boulevard, Cleveland, O.
Daum, Fred H.,	Sergeant,	681 Clark Ave., Detroit, Mich.
DeBord, Francis L.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	1259 Jefferson Ave., Hunting-ton, W. V.

Deniston, Chalmer L.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	14 N. Green St., Tipton, Ind.
Diffenbaugh, Herbert H.,	Cook,	521 Church St., Lancaster, Pa.
Dodds, Ralph H.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	Box 63, Cabot, Pa.
Doenges, Fay M.,	Sergeant,	Defiance, Ohio.
Doering, Theodore P.,	Sergeant,	3206 Bishop St., Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Donley, Claud W.,	Chauffeur 1cl.,	27 Morgan Ave., Washington, Pa.
Donovan, Patrick A.,	Corporal,	173 Spring St., Woodlawn, Pa.
Dorsey, Frank J.,	Corporal,	Bloomsburg, Pa.
Earles, George W.,	Mr Electrician,	Box 161, Christiansburg, Va.
Edlavitch, Michael,	Sergeant	Mitchellville, Md.
Elliott, Alex S.,	Chauffeur	Armagh, Pa.
Engel Herman,	Sergeant	19403 Chikasaw Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Farison, Clyde A.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	1312 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.
Faughnan, William T.,	Private,	Colusa, Cal.
Fraze, Charles T.,	Private,	3588 W. 56th St., Cleveland, O.
Frederick, Loyal V.,	Corporal,	105 Liberty St., Butler, Pa.
French, Silas,	Chauffeur,	Mt. Vernon, Ky.
Frey, Herbert D.,	Private,	229 North Pine St., Lancaster, Pa.
Giesige, Raymond C.,	Private,	New Bavaria, Henry Co., O.
Gibbons, Orville J.,	Corporal,	205 Pembroke Ave., S. Zanesville, Ohio.
Green, Louis P.,	Sergeant,	Anderson, S. Carolina.
Greisemer, Albert,	Cook,	Sellersville, Pa.
Greisinger, Chauncey J.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	Delta, Ohio.
Hambrick, Lewis E.,	Sergeant,	Bluefield, W. Va.
Hard, Ronald M.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	820 Elm St., Van Wert, Ohio.
Harmon, Lewis E.,	Chauffeur,	1212 W. State St., Trenton, N. J.
Hava, Charles E.,	Chauffeur,	4464 Martin St., Cleveland, O.
Heefer, Chester C.,	Chauffeur,	Mont Alto, Franklin Co., Pa.
Hendel, Raymond H.,	Private,	1208 Perkiomen Ave., Reading, Pa.
Huff, Frank C.,	Sergeant,	519 Fifth St., Box 387, Hunting-ton, W. Va.
Hunter, Roland L.,	Sergeant,	68 S. Young St., Columbus, O.
Johnson, Otto J.,	Sergeant,	5841 Cable Ave., Cleveland, O.
Kelley, John G.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	1610 23d Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Kelly, Austin A.,	Private,	1712 Terman Ave., N. S. Pitts-burg, Pa.
Ketterer, Frederick H.,	Sergeant,	616 Court St., Reading, Pa.
King, Darrel J.,	Corporal,	216 North St, Steubenville, O.
Kithcart, John L.,	Chauffeur,	525 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Klein, Henry C.,	Corporal,	Terril, Iowa, R. D. No. 1.
Ladwig, Gordon J.,	Sergeant,	525 Warren St., Ripon, Wis.
Lang, Albert V.,	Sergeant,	Route A, Box 196, Miami, Fla.
Larson, Henry T.,	Corporal,	1122 W. Washington St., New Castle, Pa.
Lausch, Mahlon W.,	Corporal,	Denver, Pa.
Lee, Austin A. T.,	Sergeant,	721 Green St., Allentown, Pa.
Lenz, Fred J.,	Corporal,	LeMoyne, Wood Co., Ohio.
Leonard, Lawrence W.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	1304 Vine St., McKees Rocks, Pa.
Lewis, Claud A.,	Corporal,	Salem, W. Va.
Lobdell, Lawrence,	Private 1cl.,	Hale Eddy, Delaware Co., N. Y.
Long, John W.,	Sergeant 1cl.,	715 Locust St., Johnstown, Pa.

Loughead, Ralph G.,	Sergeant,	2243 Main St., Wellsburg, W. Va.
Louser, Herman W.,	Sergeant icl.,	824 Chestnut St., Lebanon, Pa.
Lowe, Robert M.,	Sergeant,	416 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.
Lutz, Clayton H.,	Chauffeur icl.,	623 Weiser St., Reading, Pa.
Mack, Paul E.,	Chauffeur,	Vestaburg, Mich.
Marcus, David F.,	Corporal,	271 Central Park, W., New York, N. Y.
Martin, Herbert D.,	Private,	349 N. Massachusetts Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.
Matusie, Peter J.,	Corporal,	1 Glen Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Mays, Sneed W.,	Corporal,	Kennerdell, Pa.
McClafferty, Francis J.,	Sergeant,	137 W. Maple St., Mahanoy City, Pa.
McDermitt, Maurice J.,	Corporal,	437 Coleman Ave., Johnstown, Pa.
McDowell, William K.,	Private icl.,	1524 Highland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
McFadden, Eugene A.,	Sergeant icl.,	Sardinia, S. C.
Meadowcroft, Albert,	Sergeant icl.,	3017 N. Judson St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Merritt, Theron L.,	Sergeant icl.,	Spring Valley, N. Y.
Miller, Albert D.,	Corporal,	Upper Falls, Baltimore Co., Md.
Miller, Harry N.,	Sergeant,	New Alexandria, Pa., R. D. No. 3
Mills, Michael V.,	Corporal,	700 West Central St., Mahanoy City, Pa.
Milsted, Leslie E.,	Corporal,	1911 First Ave., North Seattle, Wash.
Nash, Otha G.,	Private,	Palmetto, Fla.
Nobles, Haden R.,	Cook,	Box 104, Green Cove Springs, Fla.
O'Brien, Harry A.,	Sergeant icl.,	632 S. Main St., Piqua, Ohio.
Olszewski, Clemens,	Sergeant,	549 E. 148th St., New York, N. Y.
O'Sharmon, Joseph C.,	Corporal,	Box 261, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.
Parker, Thomas,	Sergeant icl.,	59 E. Montcalm St., Detroit, Mich.
Pollack, Joseph J.,	Corporal,	32 S. 10th St., Mahanoy City, Pa.
Porter, John W.,	Private,	26 Atlantic Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.
Prather, Sam W.,	Chauffeur,	Adair St., Clinton, S. C.
Pribble, George M.,	Sergeant,	Petroleum, W. Va.
Randolph, Frank R.,	Sergeant icl.,	Rimersburg, Clarion Co., Pa.
Reeves, Arthur M.,	Private,	207 Q. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Register, Lafayette A.,	Corporal,	339 West Adams St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Reinders, Walter A.,	Sergeant,	Holstein, Iowa.
Rhoades, Frank,	Sergeant,	334 Potts Place, Johnstown, Pa.
Riddle, Bernard E.,	Private icl.,	111 Bibby St., Charlestown, W. Va.
Riggle, John F.,	Corporal,	757 E. Maiden St., Washington, Pa.
Roberts, Carey M.,	Private,	Grand Rapids, Ohio.

Robinson, James E.,	Sergeant icl.,	834 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.
Root, George W.,	Mr Electrician	Thurmont, Md.
Ross, Harry E.,	Private icl.,	Friedens, Pa.
Rutkowski, Josef,	Cook,	2867 Keely St., Chicago, Ill.
Ryan, Mark J.,	Sergeant icl.,	838 Hathaway St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Sampson, David L.,	Sergeant,	1724 Warder St., Springfield, Ohio.
Schaffner, Charles H.,	Sergeant icl.,	1301 Harvard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Seeger, Joseph F.,	Corporal,	434 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, O.
Seifert, Albert C.,	Corporal,	Iron Hill, Bethlehem, Pa.
Selvey, William H.,	Corporal,	Romney, W. V.
Shanklin, Fred G.,	Sergeant,	Care Shanklin Hardware Co, Frankfort, Ind.
Shaw, Frank H.,	Sergeant,	226 W. Jackson St., Fostoria, Ohio.
Shreve, Sewell,	Sergeant icl.,	235 Morgan St., N. W., Wash- D. C.
Silverlight, Benjamin,	Corporal,	1206 E New York Ave., Brook- lyn, N. Y.
Smith, Hugh P.,	Sergeant icl.,	3803 Hailes Ave., W. Toledo, Ohio.
Smith, Joseph D.,	Sergeant icl.,	1934 Bellevue Road, Harrisburg, Pa.
Smith Marshall H.,	Mr Electrician	1003 Pendleton St., Greenville, S. C.
Stabb, Joseph A.,	Chauffeur icl.,	1058 Second Ave., New York N. Y.
Stein, Henry M.,	Mr Electrician,	1138 Sheridan Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Stein, Lewis,	Corporal,	439 Broad St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Stroud, Thomas M.,	Chauffeur,	Butte City, Cal.
Thomas, Benjamin D.	Sergeant icl.,	87 Rosedale Ave., Johnstown, Pa.
Thompson Lony C.,	Corporal,	West Alexander, Washington Co., Pa., R. D. No. 3.
Villee, Ralph K.,	Cook,	1324 Dauphine St., New Or- leans, La.
Wandel, Ray B.,	Corporal,	Hunlock Creek, Pa
Watkins, Robert C.,	Sergeant,	710 High St., Farmville, Va.
Wiegmann, Frederick W.,	Sergeant,	Centerville, La.
Wiggenhauser, Carl,	Chauffeur,	628 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, Alden T.,	Private,	E. 307 Dalton Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Williams, Thomas E.,	Sergeant icl.,	414 Bleakley Ave., New Castle, Pa.
Worthington, Amos D.,	Corporal,	183 Summit Ave., Hagerstown,

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

Heap, Cecil R.,	Private 1cl.,	1924 Claybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Targgart, William H.,	Sergeant,	1340 W. 27th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
Wright, James,	Private,	Filley, Neb.
Wright, John A.,	Private,	Rhineland, Wis.

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notice. Others need not apply.

1 CARPENTER STREET

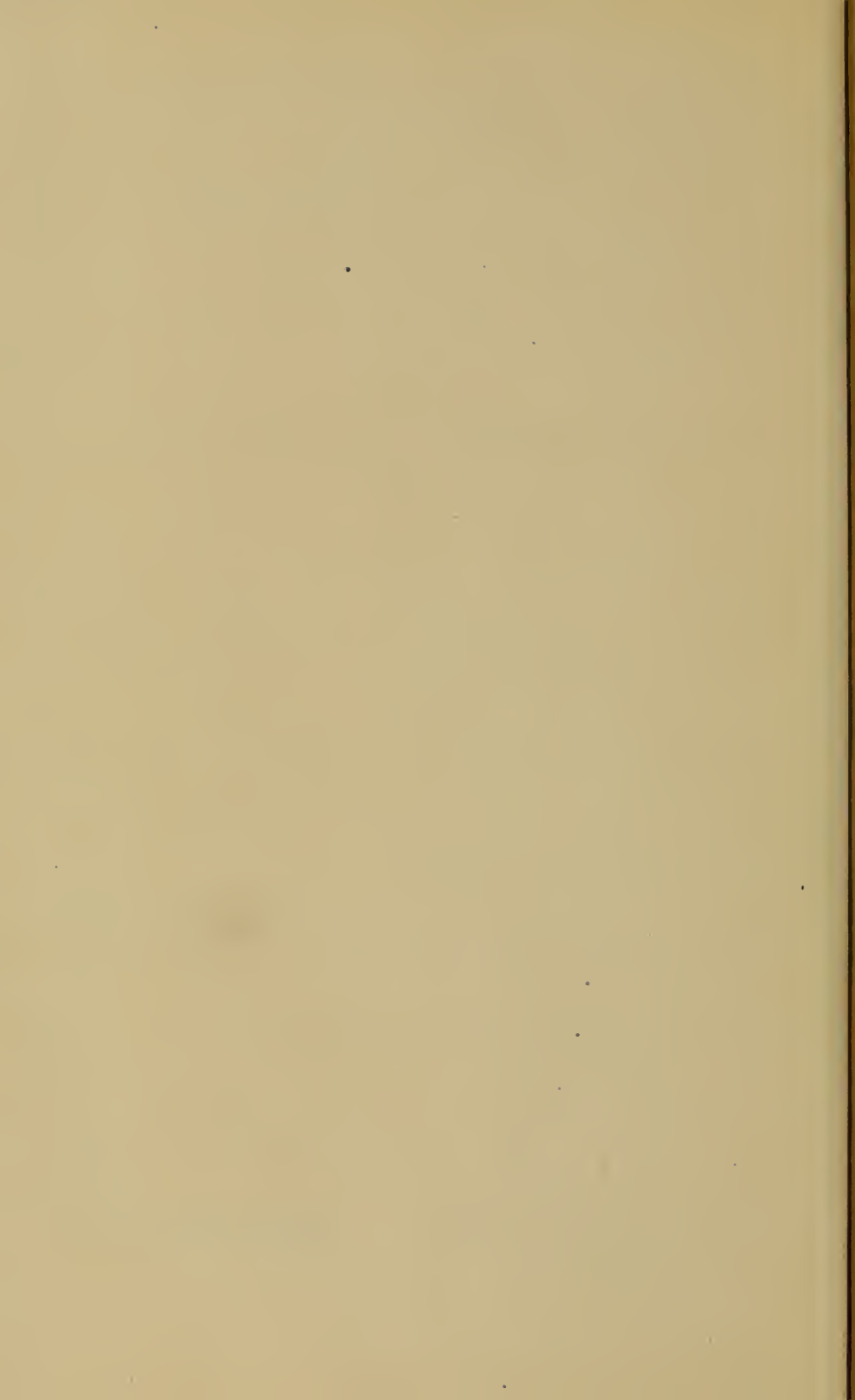
"Doc." HEAP'S

PILLS FOR ILLS
Guaranteed to Cure Either
Spanish "Flue" or
Housemaid's Knee
At Your Druggist's

Edward "Aviator" Danes

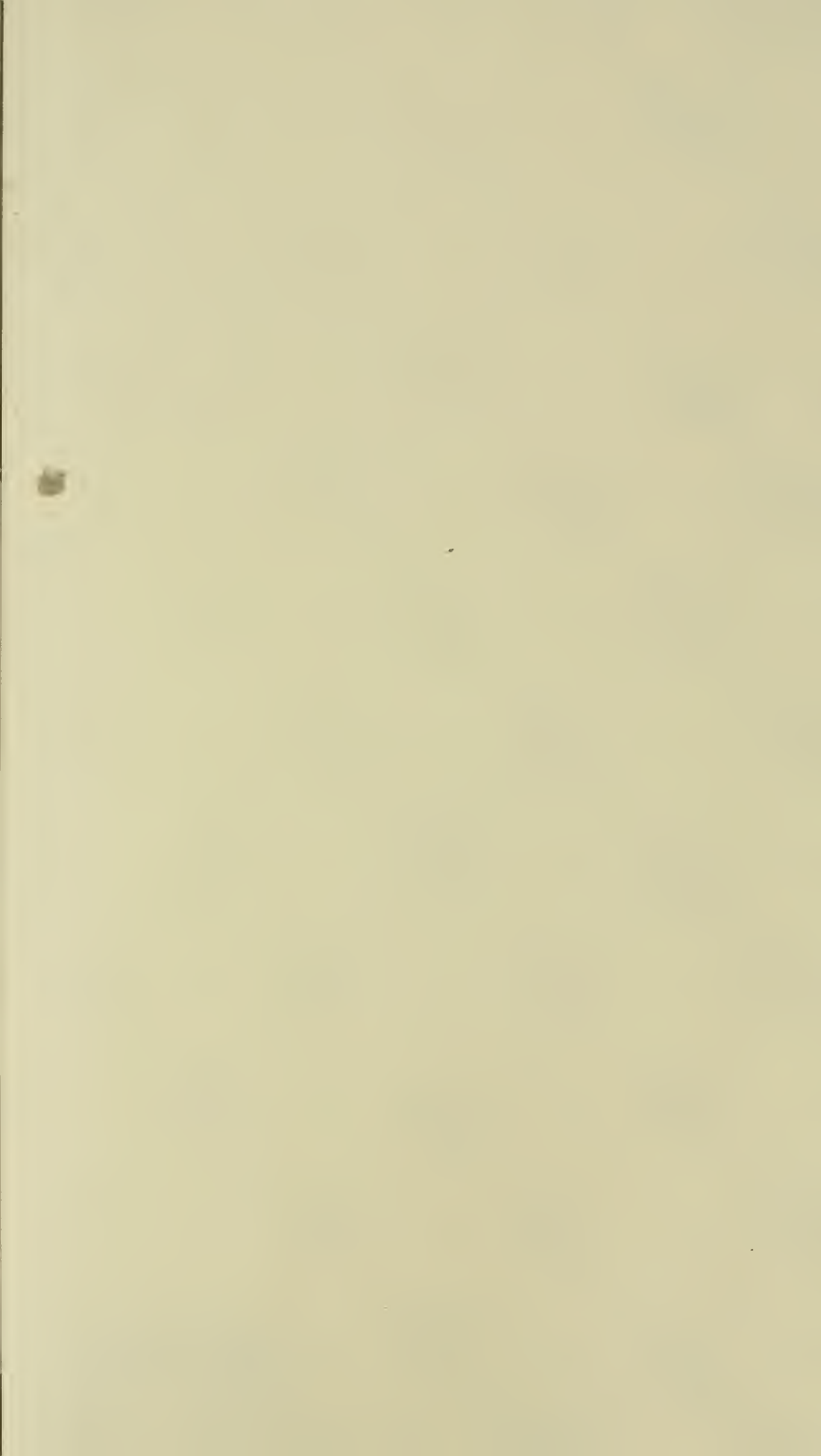
DAILY EXHIBITION FLIGHTS

Cleveland, Ohio



H71 - 85









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